Exposing Ourselves in Public *Thomas J. Cottle*

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MIDEASTPEACE?

The Editors

House of Ill Repute—*Walter Pincus*

Daley Does It—*Michael Kirkhorn*

Martin Duberman on The Pleasure Bond

Roger Rosenblatt on Kojak

Stanley Kauffmann on Shampoo

Colman McCarthy on The New Yorker

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TRB

from Washington
March 8, 1975

Cast of Characters

Washington is an enthralling show at any time, and never more so than when the gathering recession gives actors heady new lines to speak and nobody can guess the outcome. Let's review the story-line so far, before specially noting three or four members of the all-star cast. The recession, far and away the worst since the '30s is now heading toward a "depression" label if certain arbitrary economic standards are met—10 percent unemployment, and the decline continuing through 1975. There is no public panic so far, just a quiet, continued slide, and the remarkable thing is the lack of clamor and sense of urgency, although the economy is now operating at $175 billion below normal prosperity levels of production.

A year ago (March 1974) some economists (we recall Arthur Okun of Brookings was one) and some liberal politicians mildly proposed tax cuts to head off a possible slump. They were jeered at and waved aside. The Watergate melodrama was the big show in Washington then, of course. When Mr. Ford came in, he thought a tax *increase* was maybe the right remedy. Since then he has made his 179-degree turn (he said he wouldn't turn 180 degrees). But there is one unusual thing to be said for Mr. Ford: he has been forthright in presenting the facts, though I am not certain that even now he and the conservative advisers around him understand their social implications.

Heavy unemployment for three years, teenage unemployment 25 percent, black teenage unemployment 40 percent . . . how many people have considered that America may have a "long, hot summer" in 1975? That was the kind of thing that, in the 30s, dotted the nation with Townsend Clubs ($200 a month for everyone over 60); brought up Huey P. Long (minimum annual income of $2,000 for all—"Everyman a King") and forked-tongued rabble-rouser Father Coughlin, with 80,000 letters a week at his peak denouncing "godless capitalists, the Jews, Communists, international bankers and plutocrats."

Reflecting on the way anger and misery always produce political prophets, we went into a hotel press conference here last week and saw George Wallace in a wheelchair, paralyzed from hips down (rather like FDR). Mr. Wallace is one of the actors to watch in the big show here. If ever a man was created to ride the crest of prejudice, bias and discontent, Wallace was. Don't underestimate him; I'd not like being the man debating him. He can flick off skin with a twisted smile and a hillbilly retort. He has all but made up his mind to run, and though we don't think he'll be on any ticket but his own, he can exert a gravitational pull that might distort the whole galaxy. Wallace's personal doctors were on hand to attest to his physical recovery, but they said nothing about another ailment, his hearing, which makes reporters have to shout questions in a noisy room. Wallace rubbed his hands over his putative issues: law-and-order, the Boston bus controversy, bureaucrats insulting the "peoples' religion" over West Virginia textbooks, above all exultation at the possibility of calling for force to keep order against mobs of those you-know-who seeking food or, contrariwise, voicing the anger of dispossessed blue-collar workers.

Wallace is waiting in the wings. So let's look now at just the opposite category in the recession drama: typecast Rep. Al Ullman (Democrat) of Oregon. He's beginning to make a name for himself as the new chairman of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. We guess he's going to be pretty well known before the proposed two-weeks' hearings on energy and taxes are over. It looks to us as though man and role had come together in Ullman, an effective figure preparing a congressional counter-program to the President's in less time than anybody could have believed. He was elected to Congress in November 1956, and is reasonably young for a committee chairman—61 next week. He is self-confident, middle-of-the-road, level-voiced and is making his committee jump through hoops—aided by the constant presidential complaint: why hasn't it acted faster? (It is acting faster than anybody here can ever remember before, (short of war). Ullman has plain, strong features, a shock of hair, looks like a young Borah (if anybody remembers Borah) and is representative of the new congressional leadership emerging in the post-Watergate, midrecession drama.

Just for old time's sake, and to show how varied the cast here is, let's take a look at Sen. Walter (Fritz) Mondale of Minnesota. At 47 he's the Democrat who quietly said, after spending $100,000 in 30 states, "I do not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required." Exit Fritz. So what happened to him? Why, calm and unperturbed, he has a role in the recession drama, too, only a different kind. On December 9, 1971, Richard Nixon vetoed a two-billion-dollar child development and day-care program that had overwhelmingly passed both House and Senate. It lacked seven votes to override the veto in the Senate. It would have done enormous good in today's recession. Mondale, Rep. Brademas (D, Ind.) and others are trying to enact a new bill ($1.85 billion over three years). It would make America a little better for the unfortunate. Maybe Mr. Ford would veto it. Mondale is typecast, too, for work like that, rather than running for President. There are a lot of other men like him, too, in Congress. Funny how hard it is for them to get anything passed! "Why is the richest, best educated, most technically advanced nation in the world unable to eliminate poverty, keep babies from dying, teach its children to read, or get the traffic moving?" asked economist Alice Rivlin, in simple wonderment. One answer is that Washington is filled with veto power, surrounded by representatives of special interests. America has a disgraceful rate of infant mortality (higher than 13 other nations). Forty percent of our young children are not fully immunized against childhood diseases. Only one of three AFDC (Aid For Dependent Children) kids who need eyeglasses gets them. At least 10 million children receive no health care at all. Forty-three percent of all mothers worked outside the home in 1971 (maybe more now, trying to keep families together). For 27 million children with working mothers there are only about one million licensed day-care slots in the country.

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Mideast Peace?

Israel has become in world affairs a pariah nation. Why this is so is both complicated and simple: Israel is, after all, the political expression of a historically oppressed people, and the power of Arab oil is just now great enough to sway both the weak and the mighty to join the anti-Israel chorus. Surely, as two prominent French leftist intellectuals wrote recently in *Le Monde*, it is not that Israel can be seen on *any* comparative scale—whether measured against Communist, Western, Arab, or Third World countries—as a monster state. Whatever the reasons for the lopsided anti-Israel majorities in various UN agencies or behind the hostile rhetoric of intrinsically indifferent political figures from distant and otherwise preoccupied countries, the implications of the new mood are clear—and they constitute a peril to the security of Israel.

The persuasive capacity of insincere analysis seems to be without match, and there is a particular virulence to the contagion of insincere phrases. With reference to the Middle East, these are now the stuff of orthodoxy. James Reston, in a column for some of whose factual and intellectual gaucheries he has already apologized, sees an obstacle to peace not so much in the reluctance of Israel itself to make concessions, as in the anxieties of Israel's friends in America that territorial concessions made to the Arabs will be the military advantage from which a future war begins. Tom Wicker fears Israeli defiance of an "acceptable" settlement—and fears also American (for which read Jewish) support of that defiance. Evans and Novak, Carl Rowan, Nicholas Von Hoffman, others, the same and more. "Columnists are like blackbirds on electric wires," Eugene McCarthy used to say. "They move in groups." Everywhere, it seems, it is assumed, "if only Israel were not so intransigent . . . if only Israel would return to the borders of June 4, 1967. . . ."

History and logic alike should confound the easy confidence with which such impatient sentiments are uttered. The frontiers existing at the outset of the six-day war separated Israel and her Arab neighbors for 19 years, and they were not frontiers of peace or even of real truce—but frontiers from which wars were waged and threatened. Indeed, much of the territory in the Sinai that Israel is now urged to restore to Arab sovereignty had already been restored twice in exchange for guarantees that proved to be of no value whatever. And

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if this was the case when the Arab governments were weak and divided, when there was virtually no Russian presence capable of great mischief in the area, why will the territorial *status quo ante* bring peace now that the Arabs are strong and relatively united, and now that the Russians are positioned to disrupt any situation not in accord with their own—and shifting—political ends? This isn't a rhetorical question intended to bolster an Israeli minority which opposes relinquishing Arab lands. In the first disengagement on Suez after the Yom Kippur war, more reluctantly to be sure on the Golan, Israel amply demonstrated that it would make territorial concessions to build momentum toward an agreement with the Arabs. Even those who fault what they call "Israeli truculence" know that in the next round of negotiations the Jerusalem government is willing to take considerable risks to keep alive the process so painstakingly nurtured by Secretary Kissinger.

The question in the next days, however, is not what Israel will give up; it is rather what Egypt will give in return. It is sheer sloganeering to say, as some rather casually have, that since it is Egypt's land that is at issue, that country is obliged to give little or nothing to reclaim it. For what is expected of Israel is no small gesture toward Cairo. In the present environment, no one can underestimate the importance of fuel-poor Israel's withdrawing from the Abu Rhodeis oil fields at the tip of the Gulf of Suez, which have met half of Israel's petroleum needs during the last seven years. Nor, in an unstable situation, will the Shah's pledge to Kissinger to supply Israel's oil needs be fully reassuring. But the Mitla and Gidi passes, which are part of the anticipated bounty of negotiations, constitute an even more vexing problem for the Israelis. These mountain passes control the rest of the Sinai peninsula and an Israeli withdrawal would be a surrender of significant strategic advantage.

To the extent that risk is assumed, Israel is entitled to reciprocal—if necessarily asymmetrical—political concessions from Egypt. While the signals from Cairo have been confusing, perhaps deliberately so, the Egyptians do not yet seem to be particularly conciliatory. No doubt agreement to the demilitarization of the relinquished territories is a prerequisite of any Israeli withdrawal. But as with a decision to allow Israeli cargoes through the canal, this is an easily revokable concession. Installing tanks or missiles where it has been agreed they are not to be might be a *casus belli*, but that's sparse consolation. What is required from Egypt are moves, now, that would make it more difficult and costly for Egypt to wage war later—as the contemplated Israeli withdrawals would make a renewed war much more difficult and costly for Israel.

What is especially striking, and should make people suspicious, is Sadat's reluctance, in exchange for Israeli withdrawals, to commit his country to the politics of nonbelligerence, to tell his countrymen that the journey of conciliation with Israel has at long last begun. A leader who fears doing that might not be able to lead his country to peace; perhaps he does not want to. If he wants to but won't say so, he limits his flexibility and circumscribes the strategy of negotiations by bellicose talk. By continually saying, as he did again last week, that this next stage entails no political commitments on Egypt's part, Sadat bolsters those who want to make no political commitments to Israel of any sort. If "the hero of the crossing" cannot tell his own people what he is so eager to confide to American journalists, what Arab politician can? And if none can, how can anyone be so sure that the problem between Israel and the Arabs is simply a matter of territorial adjustments, a Mideast version of the Alsace-Lorraine question?

In addition, then, to earnests that draw the Egyptian people into the reality of negotiations, Israel is justified in wanting to know that the infinitely more complicated problems with Syria or regarding the West Bank will not be used sometime hence as an occasion for Egypt to abrogate the concessions it makes as part of an agreement on Israeli withdrawals. The most tangible measures insulating a rapprochement between Israel and Egypt from extraneous pressures would be an indefinite or, at minimum, a long-term extension of the UN peacekeeping forces in the vacated territories, revokable only by the Security Council. The present mandate, renewable every six months, institutionalizes periodic instability, and is an open invitation to interference from outside. To argue for less is to argue for making the resumption of war easy.

Given the depth of the conflict between the Arabs and the Israelis, it would be endangering the entire process of negotiations, in fact, if one side were to get concessions on the cheap. It would establish a pattern of unrealistic expectations without creating relationships between old foes on which a peaceful future for the region depends.

What with the difficulties encountered so far in eliciting significant concessions from Egypt—not, it should be noted, in eliciting such from Israel—an assortment of journalists and politicians have fixed on the notion of American guarantees to Israel as a substitute for an accord between the two contending parties. In a discussion with *New Republic* editors last week, Kissinger said that an American guarantee by treaty or otherwise would be only "icing on the cake," that such guarantees would make sense only once there were actual agreements on and concrete movement toward final settlement by the two countries.

Kissinger had been drawn into the discussion of guarantees by the persistent Russian offer to "guarantee" Israel's 1967 borders. The Soviets, of course, are wholly without *bona fides* on this matter, and Kissinger is in any case suspicious of their intentions. There is no justification, though, he reasoned correctly, for abjuring an American guarantee at some unspecified point in

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the future. But he knows, as surely the Israelis and Arabs know too, what is wrong with a guarantee now.

In the absence of tangible Arab, or in this instance, Egyptian, steps toward peace, an American guarantee to Israel upon its withdrawal from militarily significant positions increases the likelihood of circumstances that may require American intervention on behalf of Israel. Now Israel has never wanted, does not now want, such an intervention. Moreover, a firm guarantee is a politically dubious proposition in the US. The Arabs may well reason that the Americans might renege on such a guarantee in an extremity; but Israel also is aware of that possibility, and thus what is being talked about should seem to Israel hardly a guarantee at all.

The idea of an American guarantee to Israel emerged under curious auspices. Many of its enthusiasts have on the record no demonstrable concern for Israel's security, a fact that raises serious and unavoidable questions about motives. Many others who find an American guarantee an attractive alternative to measurable moves by Egypt adhere to a politics that would make the guarantee simply not credible. For a real guarantee to Israel might require a declared American interest and greater presence than the US now maintains in the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. Moreover, it implies a commitment to produce certain weapons and aircraft like the big transport planes and more advanced fighter planes which may face the ax in congressional budget-making. One cannot all at once credibly support an American guarantee in a very unsettled area while pushing for a general retrenchment of our foreign involvements everywhere else. Nor should it be imagined that the very idea of an American guarantee or protective arrangement with any country would appear at this moment in history as anything more than a bedraggled remnant of the past. There are many to blame for this, not the least the perpetrators of the Vietnam war. But congressional critics of American foreign policy, having belatedly and not very discriminatingly asserted legislative prerogatives against the executive, share responsibility for having rendered the US incapable of acting decisively for its own interests and those of its allies.

While there are, then, many objections to the US as guarantor of agreements, there is everything to be said for the US continuing its role as broker between the adversaries. Indeed, no power other than America, and perhaps no man other than Secretary Kissinger, could aspire to these historic burdens. Such achievements as there have been in the Middle East are directly attributable to him and to his persuasive powers. But the obligations that Israel and Egypt now assume in negotiations should be to each other, and not to Kissinger—if only to preserve his ability to function as broker in future talks. Otherwise any violation committed by one side may injure his credibility with the other. In an interview with Philip Geyelin of *The Washington Post*, Sadat carried the concept of pledges to Kissinger one step further by suggesting that the secretary personally be the guarantor of commitments reached through him. Mr. Geyelin thought this to reflect "new flexibility" on Sadat's part.

If Israel is gradually to withdraw from the largest portions of the occupied territories, then its enemies will have to persuade Jerusalem that these are not likely to be scenes of new battles against Israel's survival. It is fashionable to say—the power of clichés again!—that, with modern weapons, territory is no guarantee of security. But to think that is to have failed to learn one of the primary lessons of Indochina. With modern weapons, one should understand from the American air war against North Vietnam, you can heap excruciating torments on a country from afar; but unless you can get into its territory with conventional weapons and troops you cannot capture it or bring it to its knees. That is why a small country like Israel, with hostile borders straddling in places only a few kilometers of its pre-1967 territories, is justifiably anxious about exactly where her frontiers will be and what armies and hardware are to be allowed beyond them. Worrying about particular hills and valleys is no trifle for the Israelis: It is a bare hour's march from the Jordan River to Jerusalem; geography itself seems almost to threaten both the agricultural settlements in the north and population centers on the coast. The cliché about the insignificance of territory—a distinctively American perception, one thinks—ordinarily goes on to assert that the only real guarantee of security is genuine trust between neighbors. This no doubt is true, but that trust can be built best—if there is reason to trust at all—when neighbors obligate themselves to each other.

This is precisely the kind of trust that the Secretary of State has been trying to foster. It has not been easy in the past, and it will not be easier in the immediate future. What is likely to develop as Kissinger shuttles back and forth between Cairo and Jerusalem is something less than optimal movement toward peace. This realistic expectation has provoked in many quarters, and for diverse reasons, a backlash against the step-by-step, country-by-country structure of Kissinger's mediation. But much of the pressure to dispense with these particular negotiations and revert to the Geneva conference derives also from the fact that it is now open season on Dr. Kissinger. This has much less to do with his actual performance than with the general demoralization of American politics and an embarrassed overreaction to an embarrassing exaltation of Kissinger's talents in the past. Sen. Stevenson's attack on the secretary's attachment to "the myth of his own personality and indispensability" is understandable as early campaign rhetoric. But the senator's corollary proposal to reconvene Geneva is not sensible.

For the strategy of peace requires first the maximiza-

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tion of those interests of Egypt that will keep it out of any future fighting in the Middle East. How much more difficult it would be to fix on the common concerns of Israel and Egypt in a conference attended by the other Arab states and with the redoubtable Gromyko in the chair. Sadat, in fact, does need peace. In a recent series of especially informative articles in the British *Guardian*, David Hirst found Egypt menaced by "serious internal instability . . . a growth of violence that is untypical of Egyptian society . . . deep social and economic frustrations, a sharpening of class antagonisms in a country where, some people now say, contrasts between rich and poor are quite as shocking, if different in nature, as they were in the day of King Farouk." This situation might incline Sadat to a diversionary adventure; but for the moment he has risked the enmity of fellow Arabs and alienated his on-again-off-again Russian benefactors to pursue Kissinger's byways. Consideration for Sadat's difficulties should not oblige the Israelis to overlook their own strategic concerns; but his problems do suggest that the coming talks may begin to unlock the generation-long political stalemate that has cost so many lives.

The reconvening of Geneva if these talks were to fail would be a perfect setting for the parties to play to the balconies, with full peace plans that don't give anything. The good offices of the United States—stigmatized by failure—would be broken. The initiative then would shift to the Soviet Union which, with the backing of the Europeans and Japan, terrorized by the specter of another oil embargo, would seek to force upon Israel a *dictat* devoid of the preconditions or components of genuine peace. Sadat might also not be in attendance, pushed by failure off history's stage; or he might be there only because the Soviets allow him once again to be their client. Every disruptive influence, including especially the PLO, which already shows signs of decline despite its successes on Manhattan's East River, will come to the fore; and the king of Saudi Arabia will frantically be trundling his billions behind those aiming in the end to undo him as eagerly as they would undo Israel. Paradoxically the king would also then be doing service for the Russians who need the format of Geneva and the vehicle of the PLO to install themselves on Israel's eastern borders, a standing irritant playing for stakes incompatible with a decent settlement.

It will probably not be possible to avoid Geneva in the long run. But what ultimately happens there will be much less inconsistent with a peaceful resolution of the conflict if Sadat's heretical tactics have paid off for him and if Israel's territorial concessions win some significant political responses from Egypt.

For this would mean that US diplomacy remains the key to an agreement between Israel and its neighbors, rather than another battered piece of evidence of how intractable their problems are. The awful prospect of Geneva without successful negotiations in the next stage on the Sinai should not induce a desperate Panglossian optimism about these present talks. But it is precisely the prospect of a witches' sabbath in Geneva that makes the success of Secretary Kissinger's current efforts so vital to those who live and otherwise might die in the Middle East.

COMING: John Osborne on Ford's dealings with Congress—the politics of pressure

Ford's Rewrite of the Scuttled Coal Bill

President Ford last year pocket vetoed a bill to control strip mining on federal property, saying he would rewrite the bill to reflect his own view that coal companies should be less hemmed in by regulations. We now have the result. Ford's proposal, made public in February, uses the basic structure of the bill he vetoed, but changes or adds to it in 27 places. Some of these changes are negligible, but the most critical among them are designed to soften the environmental standards Congress voted for. The chairman of the joint committee that put the bill together, Rep. Morris Udall (D, Ariz.), said the President's list of amendments gave him a sense of *déjà vu:* "During consideration of this bill in the last Congress, the administration asked for amendment, and we amended; it asked for compromise and we compromised. . . . We faced a constant flow of allegedly critical and significant modifications . . . only to have the President pocket veto" the bill. He wondered whether Ford really wants a bill at all. The chairman of the House Interior Committee, Rep. James Haley (D, Fla.), also sounded weary when reviewing the President's program the other day: "Everyone in this room who knows anything about the history of this legislation knows that every conceivable argument has been made." They will be made once again. Udall and Sen. Henry Jackson have reintroduced the bill to House and Senate in its original form. Last week the House Interior Committee voted to junk most of Ford's ideas and add a couple of stiff new environmental standards.

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Congress may be willing to adopt some of the President's suggestions, but not the ones he most desires. These are too destructive of the bill's intent. In a sample of the 27 changes, Ford asks:

- that streams *not* be kept free of coal mine silt, as Congress would like, but that they be kept clear "to the maximum practicable" degree;
- that hydrologic integrity of valleys—the pattern of water drainage—*not* be protected by legislated standards, but by government overseers who will prevent disruption of water flow "to the maximum extent practicable;"
- that Congress drop its ban of strip mining in the national forests and instead give the Secretary of Agriculture discretion fo allow mining where he considers it to be "in the public interest";
- that mining on good farm or ranch land in floors of alluvial valleys *not* be prohibited, but be subject to reclamation standards;
- that the construction of "impoundments"—waste dams like the one that broke loose in Buffalo Creek, WVa in 1972, killing 125 people—*not* be prohibited, but allowed where "safety standards are met";
- that people whose property overlies federally owned coal beds *not* be given the right to veto mining on their property.

The last of these points is perhaps the most controversial, for it threatens to revive the tedious fight over surface owners' rights that blocked the bill in the last Congress. After many weeks of haggling, Congress found a solution in December that seemed to satisfy most people. It guaranteed some protection for landowners and at the same time discouraged speculators from grabbing up land in the hope of selling out later—at ransom prices—to coal companies. Congress agreed that no rancher or farmer would be compelled to turn over any property to a coal company if he could prove that he derived a "substantial" part of his income from the land. The President now wants the squabble to be reopened. Mike Mansfield, the Senate Democratic leader from coal-rich Montana, responded by asking Congress to reconsider *his* proposal of last year—a flat prohibition of mining where ownership rights are in dispute.

A lobbyist for the Environmental Policy Center who works on coal legislation, John McCormick, says the White House made one big concession in agreeing that a fee should be levied on every ton of new coal to pay for reclamation of stripped land. The Environmental Policy Center believes the level of tax proposed by the administration is far too low, however, to pay for the job. McCormick suggests that instead of placing a 10-cent fee on every ton of coal, as Ford would do, Congress should tax strip-mined coal at 50 cents a ton and deep-mined coal at 10 cents a ton. This would bring in about $180 million a year, as opposed to $60 million under the Ford plan.

President Ford's urgent cry is that unless his program is adopted, coal production will be impeded by overzealous environmentalists. In his letter to Congress on February 6, Ford said that the congressional approach to strip mining "during its first full year of operation would reduce coal production between 48 and 141 million tons." This complaint is familiar to all who have followed the strip mining fight, and just as specious in 1975 as it was in 1974. Its statistical base is flimsy. During hearings on the President's bill in mid-February, Rep. Patsy Mink (D, Hawaii) recited a list of estimates given by federal experts on the amount of coal production that would be lost if the strip mine bill were to be passed. The earliest, a June 1974 estimate, predicted a loss of up to 187 million tons of coal each year. It was a frightening forecast, but not long-lived. In the fall, then energy administrator John Sawhill revised the cost downward to 20 to 60 million tons. Later, in November, Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton put in a generous guess of his own: the bill would cost, oh, somewhere between 14 and 105 million tons a year. A few weeks later, the White House came up with yet another firm figure, a cost of 48 to 141 million tons of coal each year. This particular set of numbers seems to have stuck, for it's the one Ford uses today. But 100 million tons of coal is a fairly wide margin of error, equivalent to about a sixth of the coal produced each year. Given the flexibility of its data, it's

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a wonder the government bothers with numbers at all. The statistical method, according to Secretary Morton, is hardly flattering to the administration's bill. Morton conceded that even the President's plan would cost 33 to 80 billion tons of coal a year—in round numbers, of course.

Eliot Marshall

Tired But Triumphant

Daley Does It

Chicago

Mayor Richard J. Daley hardly resembled the jaunty warrior of other campaigns when he arrived at the firehouse a few blocks from his South Side bungalow Tuesday morning to cast his last primary election vote for himself. The mayor, who the day before had delivered in a toneless mumble, to 1100 supporters, the speech that should have been the ringing climax of his campaign against three challengers, looked tired and preoccupied as he and Mrs. Daley took their ballots from a lumpy loyalist in a cardigan and followed the police bodyguards through a cluster of cameramen to voting booths set up next to a gleaming fire engine. Within minutes Daley was back on the snowy street, the reporters he has been treating like jackals trudging behind him.

"I got lotsa mileage left."

This was a hard, almost an impossible year, for the 72-year-old Daley. For the first time in 20 years he was challenged in a Democratic party primary. The stroke he suffered last May 6 obviously has weakened him; his immense power notwithstanding, he has in moments of fatigue worn the beleaguered expression of an immaculately attired (the word fits Daley) castaway with the indictments of cronies lapping at his toes. At his campaign fade-out speech Monday he told about a 75-year-old governor who was asked by some skeptic whether he should, at his age, be reelected. "I can't run the hundred in 10 flat anymore," the governor replied, "but you don't think with your feet." The slurred punch line could not be heard at the rear of the hotel ballroom, decorated at one end with a 20-foot high Maoish portrait of Daley in better days. He was sounding very much like a politician who in a few years would be a public embarrassment.

Meanwhile along blustery State Street, Daley's principal challenger, 34-year-old reformer William S. Singer, was shaking hands with a stream of well-wishers. Stocky and graying but radiating a vitality almost painful to compare with Daley's fatigue, Singer was saying that he was tired but "very pleased with the campaign. It got the issues out to the people. Irrespective of how it turns out, people know there has been a serious campaign on issues like schools and crime. . . . We've said the things that have to be said in Chicago in 1975." Singer has served as an anti-Daley Chicago alderman since 1969.

Singer had run a meticulous, soundly financed ("almost in Daley's league") campaign. He visited all of Chicago's public schools, campaigned for 16 months at bingo parties, bowling alleys and subway stops. Undoubtedly he knew what was wrong with the city: thousands of jobs going to the suburbs, police inefficiency, fearful neighborhoods falling apart, useless schools, increasing street crime, and a corrupt bureaucracy dominated by Daley, who should retire.

But boosterism is civic religion in Chicago, and even as he approached dotage, Daley remained more than formidable—a squat civic deity whose monopolizing of public attention, through the metropolitan newspapers, which spurned him this time, must be seen to be believed. Even Singer's workers regarded Daley as something more than a powerful incumbent. When a window blew out in a Windy City gust election day at Singer's Loop headquarters, scattering leaflets and unfurling a ribbon of adding machine tape, one of Singer's workers said, "it's the great roar of Daley." Singer's Chicago of disaster and decay was a city Daley simply refused to recognize. The public schools were as good as any, he said, and if there are 1100 murders in Chicago this year (Singer's prediction) it's because

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children learn to kill by watching television violence.

Daley agreed that this four-way campaign, which also included tough-talking former State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan and a black state senator, Richard H. Newhouse, Jr., had involved some issues, but, he said, "it has been an odd campaign, where to determine what the issues are becomes a major issue." He seemed vaguely offended by Singer's "utopia."

And the reformers had their own problems. Obviously Newhouse and Singer were going to split some of the reform vote. The black vote would be split in any case, with much of it going, as it always had, to Daley, who was endorsed by Chicago's leading black newspaper, *The Daily Defender,* and by Johnson Publications *(Ebony, Jet).* The remainder of black voters could choose to support the hopeless candidacy of Newhouse, whose campaign was underfinanced and so badly organized that the night before the election he spent 90 minutes talking with six voters at Sandburg Village, a North Side apartment complex. Or they could vote for Singer, who had a better chance. The other black endorsers of candidates could make the same choice. Jesse Jackson, leader of Operation Push and a sort of media idol in Chicago, decided at the last minute to support Newhouse because he thought the election should have a black candidate. "They say, is Chicago ready for a black mayor," Newhouse effused. "I say, ready or not, here I come." Black Rep. Ralph H. Metcalfe decided for Singer, who had run an efficient campaign. Newhouse and Singer agreed on most issues, but obviously Newhouse didn't want to see Singer come out of this election looking like the future hope of Chicago's blacks, to whom many of his plans for employment, safety and better schooling should have appealed. With his usual flippancy Newhouse said, "why should we jump from one plantation [Daley's] to another [Singer's] just to have a younger slave master?"

A genuine political machine—and Daley is the only Chicagoan who claims there is no machine, just neighbors working together—would be worthless if it could not take advantage of this division. The machine sometimes zealously oversteps itself. A Democratic ward official was dragged into court election day for distributing a leaflet suggesting that nonvoters might lose patronage jobs and other "Democratic courtesies." But generally it worked with its usual rough efficiency.

At the core of the campaign was a stubborn difference in perception to which Daley referred when he said the city should be measured against what it was 20 years ago when he found it in a "deplorable state" and immediately began to restore public services, public works and private investment. Against Daley's performance—whatever the methods, and Chicagoans are not particular about methods—Singer placed his perception of a Chicago anxious and unhappy in those old neighborhoods that, from the top of the John Hancock Building, look like a great rubbly plain spreading toward Iowa.

One doesn't have to wander far from Daley's neighborhood to find unemployed, haggard and fearful people for whom Chicago is not the "city that works." They don't want utopia. They simply want the city that Daley says they have. But most Chicagoans are employed and not so dissatisfied that they would change allegiances and ruin Daley's last harumph.

Dissatisfaction with the machine has been growing in the neighborhoods and there always has been a certain amount of resistance along the prosperous North Shore, which was Singer's stronghold. But the feeling that the people of Chicago were being cheated by their leaders did not jell into an anti-Daley coalition. Assuming he lives through the four-year term, certain to be ratified in the general election April 1, Daley will have time to choose his successor. If he dies or retires the city council, controlled by Daley, would choose a councilman as interim mayor and call a special election. But Singer's campaign was impressive, and next time he won't be running against the tottering monument who, with 58 percent of last week's vote, trounced him by a ratio of two to one.

Michael Kirkhorn

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Arab Money Talks to Britain

Knuckling Under

London

The British have undergone another modest devaluation. Once a powerful nation able to boast of a broad sphere of influence, Britain has slipped to a perception of itself as powerless and financially impoverished, in mortgage to the oil sheiks. The merchant bankers, who presumably know something about the country's economic health, quickly exclude Jewish banks from international loans at the request of the Kuwaitis. The government shows itself unwilling to interfere.

Indeed when the Warburgs uncharacteristically raised a discreet protest over their British banking colleagues' easy acquiescence to the Arab blacklist, the government displayed its concern by stressing how much Britain needs the Arabs. "Somehow or other," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, "we must find means of helping the oil producers to channel their surplus funds into productive investment from which we can all benefit." Almost apologizing for whatever restrictions exist for investment, he allowed that neither Britain nor other oil-consuming nations should "impose our blueprints" on how the Arabs dispose of their new oil wealth in the West.

Nor are the British unduly worried over Arab intentions. "We should welcome the oil producing

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countries as investors in our industry," said Healey, "no less than investors from the United States or Europe or elsewhere with whom we have learned to work with mutual advantages for many years."

If it seems to some Americans that Britain—and some European nations—are in the process of creating a rationale for an appeasement policy that smacks of the 1930s, it is pointed out just how dependent this country really is upon Middle East trade and goodwill. Last year this trading nation's deficit was $12.5 billion, proportionately higher than that of the US. Inflation is steeper than in the US. Unemployment mounts steadily, even under Labour. Yet, remarkably, the pound today is stronger than the dollar though no one would dispute that Britain's economy is weaker than America's.

It is only the Arabs, with a little help from Iran, who are keeping Britain afloat. The Arabs are buying equities, property and into companies, as well as a castle or two, though it's mostly their sterling bank deposits that are shoring up the pound. Kuwait's investments, government bond holdings and short-term deposits alone total some three billion dollars, it's estimated.

So it will not do—the argument goes—to irritate the people who could unglue the economy, not by withholding their oil, but simply by withdrawing their money. Britain has, as a result, shown itself very accommodating. One Arab state, its identity still undisclosed, was allowed to buy a 20 percent interest in a major construction company through a Swiss nominee bank. Other Arab governments can buy into a variety of British companies yet conceal their purchases by limiting shareholdings to just below 10 percent, the level at which identities ought to be revealed.

Such controversy as is aroused over the Arab blacklist and trade boycott is muted to an extent unimaginable in America. Of the 30 editorials and 150 letters published in *The Times* of London since the recent Arab muscle-flexing, not one called attention to the boycott of British companies and financial institutions. There have, however, been innumerable stories about British trade expeditions to the Middle East. Britain is quite aware that while its exports to oil producer states rose by 54 percent last year, French sales climbed by 70 percent and are accelerating.

Even the Rothschilds, ever so understanding and "anxious to present a very low profile," refrained from expressing dissent publicly when dropped, with the Warburgs, from the Arab underwriting venture. British Jews traditionally maintain a low profile, an understandable reflex when they number 450,000 out of a 55 million population. The editor of an influential Jewish publication says that while the boycott would be blown out of proportion in the States, British Jewry prefers more subtle and less publicized counterattacks on anti-Semitism by "working quietly and reasonably with reasonable people."

The British government's imposition, in the wake of the Yom Kippur war, of a monthly ceiling of $4.8 million on charitable donations to Israel, is quietly accepted. Because of the economic downturn Britain's Jews are contributing less anyway, says one Jewish leader, so why protest just on the principle that Israel's the only country for which such restrictions exist on balance of payments considerations? (Israel is also one of the few countries with which Britain's trade is in surplus.)

American Jews resident here seem more sensitive than British Jewry to the European response or lack of any to the Arab boycott. One who works for a Jewish organization sees Britain "much more open to pressure from the Arab countries than a great many other nations." The Germans have resisted the Arab pressures and even the pro-Arab French government, criticized for tolerating the blacklist, daringly announced that the excluded Jewish banks would be among a host of banks selected to handle a $40 million state railway loan.

But here is how Britain's Undersecretary of State for trade, Eric Deakins, responded to a parliamentary question of what Britain is doing about the boycott: "Her Majesty's government deplores all trade boycotts other than those internationally supported and sanctioned by the UN and while the position is explained to interested traders, any subsequent decision is a matter for the commercial judgment of the firm concerned."

What Britain has done is to define a political philosophy for weakness. One British minister recently told a visiting American politician that the government doesn't envision Israel's long-term survival and is basing its Middle East policies around that assumption. Ironically the Labour government is widely felt to be more pro-Israel than the even-handed Tory government it succeeded, and the recent trip to Egypt by the former foreign secretary, Lord Home, was undoubtedly blessed since it might offset the Arab world's displeasure over Prime Minister Wilson's being photographed embracing Golda Meir.

The British have, until shipments of North Sea oil start arriving in 1980 or so, placed their fate in the hands of the Arabs. Some say this presents the government with even tougher problems than confronted Neville Chamberlain. Others say that while Chamberlain's answer of appeasement was all wrong, at least he publicly tried to justify himself on altruistic grounds, stating the policy would bring peace. Today the British and other Europeans say they cannot buck the tide. To satisfy Arab demands that Palestinians be represented at Common Market talks, EEC foreign ministers hit on the formula of inviting an Arab delegation whose members wouldn't be identified by background.

It is hard, nevertheless, to interpret the exclusion of Jewish banks from loans, or government weakness in the face of a boycott, as even passive anti-Semitism. No doubt some competitor banks have happily displaced

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their Jewish friends, claiming that their hands were tied. The government, too, didn't want to get involved, out of a sense of impotence rather than indifference. And there are still some outraged bankers. One, who complains he didn't "receive the compliment of being boycotted," says that yielding to pressure was unnecessary. It was a totally empty threat, he claims, because there are currently more funds available than outlets. Nor would the Arabs have withdrawn their money, he says. "Stability is more important to the Arabs than making points in a boycott which is good fun."

Felix Kessler

Mr. Kessler is the London correspondent for an American financial publication.

Ambivalent Assad

The Syrian Dimension

by Stanley Karnow

Damascus

Until about five years ago, Syria was a sullenly insular state that not only scorned the West but got along badly with other Arab regimes. But President Hafez Al-Assad, the air force commander who took office after a bloodless coup d'état in 1970, has been trying with some success to end Syria's isolation and, at the same time, promote relatively moderate domestic policies, especially in the economic sphere. The key question here at the moment, however, is whether Assad is going to match his internal temperance with a more flexible stance toward Israel—or whether his national pride, which seems to inhibit him from compromising on territorial issues, will propel him into another war. The other side of that question, of course, is whether the Israeli leaders are willing to take certain political and security risks in order to come to terms with Syria. Nobody can really do more than to speculate on these questions, since much will depend upon the complicated negotiating process that Secretary of State Kissinger hopes to set in motion during the weeks ahead. So this is a period of waiting.

Kissinger is scheduled to return to the Middle East later this week, and as I understand it, he will try to persuade the Israelis and Egyptians to accept a formula designed to fulfill Egypt's demands for the recovery of some territory in the Sinai Peninsula and at the same time satisfy Israel's concern for security. Under the formula as it now stands, Israel would withdraw its troops in the Sinai from the strategic Gidi and Mitla passes, and give back to Egypt the oil fields at Abu Rhudeis and the evacuated areas would be demilitarized. Simultaneously both Egyptians and Israelis would pledge, in official letters addressed to the United States government, that neither will attack the other as long as each demonstrates "good faith" in continuing attempts to achieve a final settlement. I gather that this agreement, if it can be worked out, will sidestep the problem of Israel's differences with Syria over the Golan Heights. But I am told, the Israelis and Egyptians will concur in the agreement to making the Golan problem the first order of business at the Geneva conference, which would be reconvened soon after Israel and Egypt come to terms. Conspicuously absent from the formula, I gather, is any provision for the future status of the Palestinians. It is possible, however, that an ambiguous statement may be issued declaring that Palestinian representatives will be invited to geneva "at an appropriate time." As far as I can discern, the Syrians appear to be willing to try this approach even though they fear the possibility of a separate Egyptian arrangement with Israel.

Every Syrian I have seen in recent days, from senior officials to taxicab drivers, would like to avoid another conflict with Israel, for sound practical reasons. During the 1973 war the Israelis inflicted some two billion dollars in damages on Syria, most of it in the destruction of oil refineries and other petroleum installations, and the Syrians, aware that a new war would be even more devastating, are not eager to suffer fresh losses. Moreover, their main concern now is economic development, which they realize could be seriously set back by another outbreak of fighting. The Euphrates River dam, constructed largely with Soviet assistance, was spared by the Israelis, and after it gets into operation later this year, it will transform the Syrians from importers to exporters of food while

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furnishing them with enough surplus hydroelectric power to sell electricity abroad. The United States is helping in this field with $25 million in aid, all of it earmarked for fertilizer, pesticides, farm machinery and other merchandise designed to increase agricultural production. Syria has also contracted to purchase five airliners from Boeing and a number of locomotives from General Electric, and representatives of American banks like Chase Manhattan and First National City are currently seeking to make financial deals here. Meanwhile, in an effort to encourage skilled Syrians living overseas to return home, Assad has eased such restrictions as a ban on their maintaining funds in foreign banks, and to some extent the brain drain has been reversed. Economists, engineers and other technicians trained in the United States and Western Europe have replaced political appointees and army officers in several important government jobs, and a few have ministerial rank. At a dinner here the other evening I encountered a group of Syrian doctors who had recently returned from the US to work for a tiny fraction of their former incomes. "I'm making a sacrifice," one of them told me, "but we have a contribution to offer."

At the same time, Assad is strenuously striving to improve his relations with the conservative Arab governments that previously detested Syria as a hotbed of leftist subversion. He has been wooing the conservative Arabs in part because he wants a slice of their enormous oil profits, and also because he estimates that their support is indispensable if he is to prevent Egypt from reaching a separate agreement with Israel that would leave Syria out in the cold. In pursuit of this strategy, Assad has been balancing his reliance on the Soviet Union, his principal source of weapons, by leaning more toward the West, and he has also been diluting the Socialist program of Syria's main political movement, the Baath, or "resurrection," party. In addition, he has cracked down severely on radical Palestinian guerrillas, thousands of whom are in jail. As a consequence, Sheik Zaid of Abu Dhabi, once the target of vitriolic Syrian propaganda attacks, visited Damascus last fall and left about $100 million, which just about covered the initial cost of the Boeing airliners.

More significantly, King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, another former "reactionary," came here in January, and to the amazement of everyone, allowed himself to be photographed at prayer with Assad, who belongs to a heretical Moslem sect known as the Alawites. This portrayal with Faisal, the personification of Islamic orthodoxy, served Assad well, since it underlined his religious acceptance both to the Syrians, the majority of whom are Sunni Moslems, and to other Arabs throughout the Middle East who have been suspicious of Syria's secularism. Faisal also endowed Syria with a half-billion dollars in grants and loans, a chunk of which was promptly rushed to New York for deposit in the Morgan Guaranty Bank. Syria received about $700 million from Faisal last year, and it is one of the ironies of the current international scene that money earned from oil sales to the United States and Western Europe should be used, as Saudi Arabia's gifts to Syria are, to acquire Soviet arms. Faisal's generosity is based on the calculation that Assad's progressive image may make inroads in Iraq and Libya, which are wildly radical, and he must feel as well that he owes a debt of gratitude to Syria for its front-line position in the struggle against Israel. The Syrians, incidentally, apparently sense no shame in taking Faisal's handouts, since in their view they deserve to be financed for their dedication to the Arab cause.

It is worth stressing that Assad's cautious approach is not a new attitude on his part, but in fact accounts to a large degree for his ascent to authority. But to understand his rise and his present position, it is necessary to reach back to the late 1950s, when Syria committed the error of entering into a union with Egypt. That union, which in effect turned Syria into an Egyptian province dominated by Gamal Abdel Nasser, weakened the Baath party and paved the way, when the United Arab Republic fell apart in 1961, for Syrian army officers to fill the political vacuum. The Baath party soon ceased to be the group of French-educated Socialist intellectuals that it had been at its origin, and instead became a junta that paid lip-service to Baathist ideology. The army officers, however, were less interested in socialism than they were in power, and they rapidly began to squabble among themselves. Because of their cohesion, the Alawites emerged successful in 1966 under the leadership of General Salah El-Jedid, and his cabinet included Assad, the air force commander, as minister of defense.

But the regime had no popular base, and except for its ties to the Soviet Union, which had backed it in order to gain a foothold in the Middle East, it lacked outside support even in the Arab world. It began to crumble when it was defeated by Israel in 1967, and it was finally buried three years later, during King Hussein's liquidation of the Palestinian guerrillas in Jordan. Jedid sent Syrian tanks and commandos into Jordan to bulwark the guerrillas, but Assad held back the air force on the grounds that full-scale intervention might provoke Israeli and perhaps American retaliation against Syria. Assad ousted Jedid in the internal dispute that ensued, and in 1971 he won 99 percent of a referendum that confirmed his presidency.

The consensus among diplomatic observers here is that Assad would probably win an honest election hands down, but given the machinations of Syrian politics, popularity is no guarantee of stability. Assad is not particularly loved by the Palestinian radicals, who periodically toss bombs around here in order to dramatize their doubts about his fidelity to their objectives. He is hated by the Iraqis, who gave asylum

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to Jedid following his ouster and who undoubtedly have sympathizers among the Baath left-wingers here. He may not be wholly supported by Moslem conformists, who have reservations about being governed by the Alawite heretics despite Faisal's blessings.

He has certainly alienated the party ideologues who regard his attempts to link up with Western capitalists and Arab conservatives to be a betrayal of socialism. And he has probably created opponents among army officers who would prefer to have him fight a holy war rather than seek negotiations with Israel through Kissinger's auspices. It would be tempting to suggest along with all this that the Russians may also be wary about Assad's moves and would not hesitate to plot against him through local surrogates if they feared that he was eluding their grasp. But as far as I can gather, Assad is not a Soviet puppet by any means. On the contrary, Moscow supplies him with sophisticated equipment and keeps a military mission here of some 2000 men because Syria is one of the few Arab countries that tolerates a Soviet presence. It is significant, for example, that Assad has consistently refused to lock himself into a formal "friendship treaty" with Moscow. In any case, Assad is an extremely prudent manager who carefully consults his associates before making decisions, and this collective method, while assuring his stability, may also limit the room for maneuver he requires to negotiate with Israel.

The real issue separating the Israelis and the Syrians is the future status of the Golan Heights, a plateau that is 15 miles across at its widest point. The Israelis occupied the area in 1967 and contend that they cannot give it up without jeopardizing the security of the Hula Valley, one of their richest agricultural regions. As a way of tightening their hold on the zone, the Israelis have created 17 paramilitary outposts in the sector, and during a tour of them the other day, Premier Yitzhak Rabin asserted that Israel did not establish these settlements "in order to have them evacuated or excluded from the Jewish state." Moreover the Israelis are hostile to withdrawal from three hilltops overlooking the plateau on the grounds that their abandonment, even in a compromise that would demilitarize the area, would make them vulnerable to Syrian attack. The Syrians argue, in contrast, that the Golan Heights are part of their territory and must be returned to them in any final agreement. They say that the region contains some of Syria's most fertile farmland, and besides, they claim, its recovery is a matter of national pride. "This is one point on which we will not yield," a prominent Syrian official said to me, and most diplomats I have seen here tell me that Syria's position on the subject is sincere. Assad has further argued against Israel's security concerns by contending that his jet aircraft and missiles can hit Israeli targets from sites around Damascus.

The Syrians, like the Israelis, steer visitors to their side of the Golan Heights, and I drove there the other day to observe the same area that I had viewed from Israel two weeks before. The Syrian sector, like the Israeli zone, features the remains of the battles that raged in the region—burnt-out tanks, bullet-riddled trucks, ruined houses. The most appalling relic is Kuneitra, once a town of 53,000 and now a total wreck. My Syrian guide claimed that the Israelis razed the entire town last July, just before they pulled out of the vicinity under the terms of the disengagement agreement signed in May. In fact most of Kuneitra had been destroyed in the 1967 and 1973 wars, and the Israelis flattened the rest of it with dynamite and bulldozers because, they say, it would have been employed by the Syrians as a guerrilla base. That argument may be militarily sound, but the destruction of Kuneitra was probably a mistake from a propaganda perspective, since the Syrians display its rubble to hundreds of foreigners as an example of Israeli ferocity, and a good many of them go away convinced even though, it should be noted, the Israelis were careful to evacuate the town's inhabitants before obliterating it. But Kuneitra is only peripheral to the Golan Heights controversy.

Compared to the vast stretch of the Sinai Peninsula, about which Israel and Egypt are now haggling, the Golan region is so small that it cannot be easily shaved for the sake of a compromise. Still, Syrian officials say, they can envisage as a preliminary step the pullback by Israel of a few miles in the area—but only on condition that such a gesture would not prejudice Syria's claim to eventual recovery of the entire zone. Whether the Israelis can make this concession is debatable, particularly in light of Rabin's assertions that the outposts in the sector, some of which are within a stone's throw of the boundary line, will not be moved. The Syrians are backing up their demand with the threat that unless the Israelis concede on territory, they will not renew the mandate of the United Nations force of 1250 Austrians, Canadians and Peruvians that patrols the buffer between Israel and Syria. The mandate, which was the subject of much bargaining in November, expires on May 31. The Israelis have indicated that the removal of the UN force would constitute a cause for war, and there is no reason to doubt them. For without the UN troops filling the space between them, the Israelis and Syrians would surely start skirmishes that are bound to escalate into a larger conflict. But I am not completely persuaded that the Syrians would automatically scuttle the UN force if Israel refuses to give up part of the Golan Heights within the next few months.

For one thing, the Syrians are visibly worried about not being backed up in the event of war by Egypt, which appears to be edging toward an accord of its own with Israel on the sinai. Their apprehensions over this possibility were reflected recently as the Syrian foreign minister, Abdel Halim Khaddam, toured the Arab states following Kissinger's last trip to the Middle East

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in an effort to get the Arab governments to protest against a "partial" settlement between Israel and Egypt. The Syrians also think that they can prevent the Israelis and Egyptians from reaching an agreement that excludes them by shifting the negotiating scene to Geneva, where it would be difficult for individual Arab regimes to make separate deals. Their desperation to go to Geneva prompted the Syrians to issue a statement not long ago affirming that the full-scale conference would have to open by early March. But that ultimatum was echoed only by the Russians, who are also anxious to participate in the negotiations, and it has since been dropped by the Syrians. Judging from my conversations here, though, it seems to me that the Syrians would renew the UN mandate in the Golan area if they had some assurance that the Geneva conference might be resumed soon. "What we want is a sign that the Israelis are sincerely interested in peace," a top Syrian official said to me the other day; and that ambiguous comment, if it in fact mirrors Assad's thinking, may suggest that Syria is searching for any pretext that will save it from going to war—especially alone. The most optimistic prospect, consequently, is some contrivance that can postpone a conflict.

I should add here that I found the Syrians less committed to the Palestine Liberation Organization than I had anticipated that they would be. They were at the forefront of the drive during the Arab summit meeting in Rabat last fall to legitimize the PLO as the "sole" representative of the Palestinian people, and they still recite the slogan from the communique that confirmed that decision. But when they now say that the PLO is "responsible for the Palestinian problem," as one Syrian official explained, it strikes me that they no longer hold, if they ever did, that their own chances for a settlement with Israel are going to be contingent on the creation of an autonomous Palestine. In other words, the Syrians appear to be fearful that they may be sold out by Egypt but, if they can get what they want, they would not hesitate to sell out the Palestinians. There is, in all this tangle, another contradiction that is not adequately clarified by the Syrians. They claim to recognize the existence of the state of Israel, yet by having sanctified the PLOs call for a "democratic secular" Palestine, they are indirectly underwriting the destruction of Israel—unless, of course, their declarations are more rhetorical than real.

The general impression I draw from a few days in Syria, then, is one of fragility. Like almost everyone else in the Middle East, the Syrians want to avert another war that they say will resolve nothing. But the margin for accommodation between them and their Israeli adversaries is so slim that, while short-term deals may be made, the chances for a long-range settlement seem to be remote. It may be too much, however, to attempt to imagine more than the immediate future, and that is why, I think, one can only plausibly conjecture on what may happen tomorrow.

Making Good Use of the Hired Help

House of Ill Repute

by Walter Pincus

Though it is over 190 years old, the House of Representatives today is suffering growing pains. A new House membership has forced a shift in staff structure, an increase in personnel and development of second echelon leadership that promise changes that go far beyond the highly publicized removal last month of two old committee chairmen. If organized properly, these reforms could help lead the House, lately in disrepute, back to a role in government coequal with the White House. That future however is far from certain. Blocking the way are the egos and personal ambitions of a few reformers, a handful of byzantine old-time Democratic chairmen and ranking Republican members, not to mention a Speaker, majority leader and minority leader who have trouble understanding and thus dealing rationally with change.

To understand the past House organization and what's now taking place, one must first know that unlike the Senate, where size of personal staffs is determined by state populations, each congressman has the same hiring allowance. It permits up to 16 employees at any one time so long as the total of annual salaries doesn't exceed $194,004. A quirk in the House rules apportions the money available in monthly

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installments, so if a member doesn't use up his allowance one month, he can't spend what's left over the next. Thus everyone in the House starts out even.

Perhaps because there is this equality between congressional newcomer and veteran, it was almost inevitable that the committee staff system would be autocratic. Chairmen have ruled House committees jealously; power has almost never been shared; professional staffs have been kept small and subcommittees at a minimum. Thus the Education and Labor Committee, with 122 employees, nine subcommittees and a one-year budget of $1.6 million, is a House giant. Yet it pales in comparison to the Senate Judiciary Committee with its four million dollar budget, 17 subcommittees and 277 employees. At the other extreme was the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, which under Wilbur Mills had a $500,000 budget, a professional staff of 14 and clerical staff of 21—including two Mills chauffeurs—and responsibility for taxes, trade, health care and social security.

Aged tyrannical chairmen, entrenched by seniority, and small inevitably loyal staffs meant conservative, slow-moving committee operations prone to various sorts of corruption.

Last year, the administrative assistant in the office of Democratic Rep. Joe Evins of Tennessee, one William A. Keel, Jr., was paid a $36,000 salary by the House Select Committee on Small Business where he was listed as a "research analyst." Evins chairs the committee. In 1974, the House Public Works Committee carried James L. Oberstar as a $36,000 a year "administrator." In fact Oberstar ran the personal office of the committee chairman, Minnesota Democrat John Blatnik. Oberstar ran it so well he succeeded his late boss in the last November's election and is now a congressman.

Two House rules were violated in these two cases. Standing committee staff members are not permitted to "engage in any work" or be "assigned any duties" outside the jurisdiction of the committee. Furthermore the maximum annual salary permitted a personal staff employee in 1974 was $33,710—less than that which could be paid a committee professional.

Abuses extended beyond individual staff members. The House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in 1974 supported a $400,000-a-year investigative subcommittee that boasted a $36,000-a-year chief counsel, two $32,750 staff assistants, two $31,000 staff attorneys, another $30,000 staff assistant, three more staff attorneys earning over $22,000 and four clerical assistants paid between $12,000 and $18,000 apiece. No subcommittee on Capitol Hill, House or Senate, boasted a pay scale approaching that special subcommittee on investigations chaired by Rep. Harley Staggers, who's also chairman of the Commerce Committee. Yet during the year, the Staggers investigative group turned out fewer than a dozen reports and held less than 30 days of hearings. The cost was so great and the performance so poor that the committee last month took the unprecedented step of replacing Staggers as leader of the investigations subcommittee.

The one man who has more to say than any other about House staffing is the redoubtable Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio. As chairman of the House Administration Committee, Hays passes on the pay and expenses of all House committees. The story is often told of how Hays has used his power to satisfy his whims. When Rep. Donald Fraser ventured to oppose a Hays measure, for several weeks thereafter he couldn't get his pay vouchers approved.

A review of financial records of Hays' committee shows that the Ohioan is a bit looser with the pursestrings when he is the one doing the spending. In 1973-74, Hays' committee paid $2500 in consultant fees to E. Jean Walker. Mrs. Walker is the wife of John T. Walker, who at the time was Hays' chief counsel on the Administration Committee. Another Hays consultant over the past two years (at $1250 a month) is former Rep. Arnold Olsen—a Hays crony from the days when Olsen was chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. A third Hays consultant during 1973, at $333.33 a month, was Ernest Petinaud, the former head waiter of the members' Capitol dining room. Also a pal of Hays, Petinaud gained some national recognition when it was discovered that Hays had taken him to Europe at government expense as part of a NATO parliamentarians' delegation.

Still another Hays consultant was writer Suzannah Lessard then also on the staff of the muckraking *Washington Monthly*. She was hired to rewrite, for $10,000, a history of the House, that originally had been compiled by the Library of Congress. According to Ms. Lessard, Hays said the research was brought up to date and redistributed every 10 years. He was not happy with the library version and wanted her to improve on it. She said she finished the work about two years ago, then found Hays' staff had lost one of her chapters and it had to be redone. For $1000 more she did that, and has not heard anything more since what became of the manuscript.

Hays is not the only chairman to call on consultants. The House Public Works Committee, among others, used them last year with apparent mixed results. One fellow, Max Taher, was an old friend of Chairman Blatnik and for his $1200 (or thereabouts) a month, did little for the committee outside helping redecorate its offices. Another consultant, Richard Royce, was a former staff member of the Senate Public Works Committee. Royce runs his own consulting firm in Miami. He commutes to Washington on committee assignments. One potential problem in the Royce relationship, however, is his interest in a corporation that does sewer work of the sort envisioned by legislation under study by the committee.

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The ill repute in which the House has properly been held may have to be reconsidered if the new House takes advantage of its opportunities. As part of last year's House reforms, each committee was required to establish at least four subcommittees; the chairman and ranking member of each of them to get his own staff person. Once the bill had been approved, the House leadership should have started planning for the influx of new employees and the need to house them somewhere. There are 140 subcommittees so at least 280 new House staffers had to be expected. Where would they have their desks?

In typical House leadership fashion, the problem was treated with last-minute haste. In early February, the three members of the House Building Commission—Speaker Carl Albert, Majority Leader Thomas O'Neill and Minority Leader John Rhodes—met with a House Appropriations subcommittee and asked urgent approval of $17 million to renovate and operate an office building several blocks from Capitol Hill. The building, being vacated by the FBI, had served as headquarters for its identification division and at one time housed 4000 employees. It was far too large for House needs, but it was, according to O'Neill, the only structure available. The $17 million was approved and eventually a passel of House offices including the House computer operation, party congressional campaign committees, and various other House services are expected to be moved out of the three House office buildings thereby releasing space for the new subcommittee staffs.

Lack of leadership planning in housekeeping and legislative matters may be the result of inadequate leadership staffs. Albert and O'Neill particularly have neglected to set up any substantive policy staffs of their own. Between them they have some $500,000 a year for hiring. Democratic House whip John McFall is allocated an additional $200,000 of which some $44,225 is spent by the chief deputy whip, Rep. John Brademas. Out of his funds, Albert pays for his Speaker's office, and O'Neill, while picking up the salaries of his own top assistants, also last year used part of his budget to pay key members of the Democratic Study Group.

A fourth leadership fund, $150,000 earmarked for the House Democratic Steering Committee (scheduled to go up to $227,520 next year) is more difficult to trace. There is a House Democratic Steering Committee that works for Speaker Albert, but it only has a staff of four and an outlay of some $92,000 a year.

The Republican leadership has funds comparable, though smaller than the Democratic majority. At the steering committee level, however, the House Republican Conference receives $148,710, plus an additional $212,115 for minority employees. With its funds, the Republicans have put together a staff that serves their House party caucus—a step the Democrats have yet to take. Since the caucuses are becoming more active, it's likely that Democratic Caucus leader Phil Burton will want funds for his operation.

Both parties, but particularly the Democratic leadership, ought to start planning and organizing the new House committee operations. They'll have some $20 million more in the coming year to pay salaries. Will the only change from the past be that more individual chairmen now can go off on their own—like a few did in the past? Or will action on the popular issues of energy and economy, be coordinated so the same witnesses are not asked the same questions before different committees. The House has to demonstrate that it will spend the new money for purposes other than self aggrandizement or featherbedding.

Is Privacy Possible?

Exposing Ourselves in Public

by Thomas J. Cottle

In the last decade, a decade some point to as a period of genuine social revolution, capitalism came under severe attack. At the most moderate and sanguine professional meetings, one heard references to changing the economic system, fighting the laws of private ownership. America needs changing from top to bottom, these people said. Money is the root of all evil and private ownership the ground in which this ~~root~~ grows.

But this is only part of the so-called social revolution, the part where the economically and politically minded enter. There is another part where the psychologically minded enter. And this part, too, has as one of its

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founding principles an abhorrence of what one might call the ownership of psychological property, or more simply, privacy.

It's peculiar, this psychological part of America's social revolution. It seemed to surface quietly enough, but gradually, amidst a great deal of hubbub about the importance of free expression, the release of the repressed, the necessity to be open to everyone and to every experience, came a new cry: let it all hang out! To have private thoughts, private emotions, was deemed as pathological as owning land, a cotton factory and company store while others went hungry, unclothed, unsheltered. Now at these professional meetings where everybody agreed on the evils of capitalism, they were speaking of the importance of spilling guts, baring souls, opening up fully to one another.

New businesses developed from all of this, and a new professional cadre was born, seemingly overnight, to help the rest of us uptight folks become downright loose. They were telling us, this new cadre, that even if it meant taking lessons or traveling long distances to special resorts and expensive retreats, it was essential that we learn to get those inner feelings out of ourselves right there up front for everyone to see, and hear, and touch. First the clothes, then the easy feelings, then the tough feelings, the easy to tell secrets, then the hard to tell secrets, then the entire inner self. And when all this stuff had been exposed and we were just about psychologically everted, the reality of psychological private property would be obliterated and we would be free, or equal, or renewed, or something.

In the United States, the advice to the lovelorn columns, and most conspicuously, the gossip magazine, gradually turned the expression of private fears and wonderings into a multimillion-dollar business. In the '50s there was an exposé rage. Movie stars, the objects of our erotic and infantile identifications, became the victims, along with athletes and political figures. If persons did anything public, there was no justifiable reason for them to claim the right to privacy at all. The exposé magazines got into bedrooms, Hefneresque industries undressed them, television and newspapers probed whatever was left. The more the probers found, the better their audiences liked it, and strangely, the more scabrous the reports, the more valid they seemed. An article indicating someone to be a decent private citizen was labeled a puff piece, the obvious product of a public relations firm. Some of America's stars loved this sensuous trespassing on their private property, some of them fought against the exposure hounds, some were probably driven crazy, to the point of suicide. What too many of the trespassers forgot was that even the most narcissistic of us occasionally needs to reflect on ourselves in private.

Then too, in the late 1940s and 1950s, there was the paranoia about communism. So while some dug around in the social lives of celebrities, others dug into files and private papers and eventually into the ideologies, psychologies, philosophies, indeed into the very minds of men and women. And what had been covered was undraped, what had been silenced was made deafeningly loud, what had been discreetly private was made outrageously public. At that point an entire culture, just about, was involved in erasing a significant boundary line between public and private domains, between collective and individual existence.

Whether an individual has any right to privacy, or to value privacy, was complicated not only by the press, but by research findings. Countries have always spied on one another, as have competing industries. Keeping watch on next door neighbors is no new business as Thorstein Veblen made clear, and as David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd* pointed out in his description of the other-directed person. But in the last 30 years, an ethic of investigative reporting has grown up in the enterprises of many researchers in the social and natural sciences. While some scientists work, as we imagine scientists have always worked, quietly, modestly, amidst their mysterious paraphernalia and idiosyncrasies, others push for publicity, seemingly unaffected by what personal hurt it may cause, or what ramifications their hunt for recognition has for them and their talent.

In the schools, there's been a revolutionary transformation in attitudes. Granted, public schools since the turn of the century have believed in personal development, discipline and getting along with others as major purposes of education. In the last decade, however, we have seen a colossal rise of a business known as psychology in the classroom, and the growth of an apparatus known as guidance counseling. In many affluent suburban grammar schools now, one finds compulsory sensitivity or human growth groups where children as young as six are obliged to reveal intimate feelings as well as their attitudes toward one another. In some of these programs, children earn points for their team merely by talking. Thus, taciturn children run the risk of seeing themselves as troubled. And while children sit in their little chairs feeling the assault on their little psyches, their parents, in after-school programs—most of them, thankfully, voluntary—sit in their big chairs feeling the assault on their big psyches.

It all seems bizarre as one describes it, but the preoccupation with revealing and divulging has gone well beyond what many of us imagined. In California schools, professionals are beginning to diagnose a new childhood illness. It is called shyness, from the Middle English "schey," meaning timid. It has been deemed pathological, dangerous for the child. In some cases,

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drugs are administered to children to "open them up." In many schools, the value of individual study habits and working alone, encased in one's privacy, has been philosophically and architecturally precluded. Consider a simple question: what should children write on? A desk in which they can store their *own* belongings, or a table where space is shared with three or four other children? The presence of the desk or table bespeaks the value that a particular school places on individual learning or collective learning. While myriad factors affect the selection of desks or tables, open classrooms or closed ones, rooms without walls or spaces with built-in cubbies, one might discover that schools *without* desks are also schools *with* elaborate guidance personnel systems.

The increased use of mental health facilities in schools implies that certain educators believe that affective learning is as important in a child's development as cognitive learning. Once there seemed to be a distinct separation of the two approaches. One either advocated traditional pedagogic and traditional course work, or one argued for sensitivity training, psychological openness and the *feeling* of learning.

The disparity of philosophies partly reflected the traditional distinction between the family's role on the one hand, and the church and school on the other, in child rearing. It used to be the family's responsibility to shape the emotional life of children. Schools were for learning, the church for moral development. Now schools, with the influx of mental health workers and psychological researchers, are taking responsibility for cognitive, emotional and moral development. Families, too, have been pried open and their once private negotiations made public. Thus one finds school systems underwriting affective educational procedures, and in consequence, sensitivity training is valued in the same way as language arts, social studies and mathematics. One of the more distressing results of this human growth industry in schools and the more general popularization of psychology is that too many people have actually been trained to believe that only professionals can deal with their children.

The devaluation of privacy has meant other things for colleges. Many students complain of pressure to be intimate; there is no longer good reason, it is said, to postpone sexuality. One can put off work and ignore deadlines, but the time for complete openness and human sharing is now. The rules pertain to almost everyone. It is not enough to be an intellectual giant, or a simple teacher or learner. One's private life may be inspected at any moment and the search for it called legitimate sociological inquiry. Those who feel it is proper to divide their being into private and public sectors are called smug, traditionalist, uptight. The great teachers, some would have us believe, make public all that they possess, their knowledge and ideas, their families and homes, their bodies and life histories. And evaluations of other humans are eventually predicated on every sort of in-class and out-of-class performance imaginable.

In the practice of psychotherapy, a similar though frequently inadvertent attack on privacy has been lodged. Medicine and allied fields of healing have always confronted the question of which patients receive special treatment and which ones can be used as case studies. Once it was the rich, in their private rooms with private records and as much anonymity as hospitals could muster, who were allowed the greatest privacy. Public clinics meant public knowledge of patient, illness, treatment. The poor were used as specimen, display, experimentation. In mental health treatment, this same pattern held. The names of wealthier patients—those referred to as private patients—were withheld from practically everyone; the names of clinic patients were bandied about hospital meetings and social gatherings.

Someone wrote that studying the poor is called sociology, studying the rich exposé. This distinction may no longer be valid, for now even the rich cannot be assured privacy or immunity from being used as specimens. Similarly many psychotherapists are revealing facts about their patients even to the point that patients' identities can easily be inferred. While confidentiality may be promised by psychotherapists, it is often not delivered. One hears stories of video tapes of patients being played for audiences, some of them not even professional therapists, without patients' consent. One hears the spouse of a psychotherapist speaking about patients, occasionally even by name. Indeed one hears many patients speaking about their therapists. Apparently these people assume that their own psychotherapy is open for public consumption. Someone recently likened the announcement that one is entering psychoanalysis to the announcement of a child's birth: "With great pleasure and extreme humility, Thomas J. Cottle is proud to announce the birth of a 190-pound character disorder with underlying depressive reactions." Can anyone any more assume confidentiality? Can anyone guarantee it?

Research subjects, too, are often left unprotected by investigators. Promised confidentiality, their names, interview protocols, test results are discussed in the cafeterias, offices and elevators of research institutions and universities. There are always the careful therapists and researchers who abide by the covenants of confidentiality and thereby honor privacy, but transgressors abound. Like adolescents experiencing sex for the first time, they must tell all.

If one recalls one's school days, the images of students daring one another to try something return rather quickly. Peer pressure isn't new. But it is now being intensified by the ethic to make the private public. Free speech has been turned on its head. Divulge and reveal are the battle cries. Nothing humans do must remain a secret; no one is to be reclusive, nothing about

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the body is to be mysterious. As the physiology and biochemistry of the brain are slowly, slowly understood, the contents of one's mind must be quickly, quickly reported. And if it takes drugs, electric shock, psychosurgery or some other form of artificial stimulation to open us up to new experiences, then we will embrace it, justify it. It's becoming so hard nowadays to keep a secret, to lose one's job or virginity, one's identity or sanity, one's health or loved ones, without writing a book about it. Holding things in is dirty, letting them out is cleansing. There can be no more fright, it is said, when one's inner world is seen in the light of day, in the presence of other people. When we tell everything no one can control us.

One of the sad ironies of America's urge to expose everything and make privacy impossible is that people who think of themselves as anti-capitalists have found a new commodity—the inner life—that is a marvelous source of profit. About the only book not yet written in that how-to-live-your-life category is how to survive the onslaught of how-to-live-your-life books. The sequel to Eric Berne's volume, *What to Say After You Say Hello*, might well be, *I'm Leaving Now; Hello Is All I Wanted to Say*. The new profit-takers of revelation may be fighting the old war horses of individualism and existential aloneness. Their hopes, presumably, are to replace these old spirits with a public effort at communalism, the sharing of all goods (and goodies) and services, and a society based on the collectivization of everything from family, to industry, to government to people's unconscious.

The danger lies in coercing people to reveal what they prefer to keep inside. The danger, as educators and physicians know, is keeping students' and patients' records private when the police, employers, armed forces and insurance companies insist on inspecting them. As an offshoot of the Buckley amendment ensuring students' privacy, we are seeing cases of corporations refusing to consider the job applications of students who do not allow prospective employees full access to their now "protected" college records. The danger is that with an enormous amount of information being collected by hundreds of agencies on millions of people, there will come a movement to predict behavior and to control it on the basis of what is predicted will happen. Without privacy and with open records, we will begin to treat people as *potential* psychopaths, criminals, delinquents, or assassins. This movement has already begun. We are less than a decade away from 1984. The danger is that the FBI and CIA will continue their spying on citizens, and that reputable newspapers, themselves decrying yellow journalism, will print the findings that the CIA and FBI uncovered but never made public.

The purpose of any sane political ideology should be freedom for all human beings. In psychological terms, we want all people to experience the feeling of freedom. In many instances candor yields a wondrous sensation of being free. Unquestionably, people must be able to free themselves of ideas and emotions that trouble them and upset their relationships with others, and which in many cases confuse and damage institutions. Children should be allowed to safely reveal their problems to school personnel, workers their inner worlds to one another and their bosses, family members to each other. People do have a need to confess or let others know bits and pieces of their private lives.

But if there is a need to reveal, there is also a need to protect and withhold. Cards can be properly played close to the chest. We make a mistake in forcing people to believe that every secret and sentiment, every inner inch of ourselves, must be exposed. Freedom of speech shouldn't be confused with perpetual human openness. One is not attacking the concept of private ownership or safeguarding the First Amendment by supporting publicness at all cost. One is merely creating another artificial need; the need to cleanse by candor and exposure. Watergate administrations, foul dealing in industry, CIA interventions into foreign countries, the oppression of peoples—these must be exposed and then expunged. But as the oppressed of the world know well, freedom demands restraints. How many thousands of times one hears in conversations with the poor of this land: "The government can make all the rules for living, but it will never tell me what to think, what to say, and when to say it."

Sometimes the poor reveal an unmatched expressiveness and openness so dazzling that one feels they've never known constraint. At other times, however, they strike that posture, that way of surviving-in-the-world called "cool." Suddenly the expressiveness and openness have vanished; we have no idea of what plays in their heads. We have no sense of their attitudes toward us, no idea of their plans. The cool ones, like the silent and reclusive ones, scare us. It is best to know where they stand, what they think, what they feel. When they reveal themselves, we have some hold on them.

A band of new profiteers is yanking us toward a world without personal protection, fences, shower curtains, clothes, a world of eternal lightness, without shadows, without night. Some of us prefer to hold onto a few secrets. We don't fear psychoanalysis stripping us of our meager bursts of creativity, we fear the ethic of publicness ripping away those private vessels in which the fluid of life is kept fresh, if not always pure. We fear a time when, after accommodating ourselves to nakedness on television, and then sex on television, and then sex in the midst of family therapy sessions on television, and then video tape feedbacks of ourselves watching sex acts among and between several species in the midst of inter-phylogenetic therapy sessions on television, the tube will suddenly glow white, and all the lights at home will glow bright, and the light outside will blaze, and we will see nothing and feel nothing.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Brief Vacation

(Allied Artists)

Shampoo

(Columbia)

The late Vittorio De Sica was a fine artist, a polished hack, and a flabby whore—not necessarily in that order. His film career, as director and actor, was neither a slide nor an ascent: it simply varied. From a beginning in flossy drivel during the early 1930s he moved to his best films between 1946 and 1952 *(The Bicycle Thief, Miracle in Milan, Umberto D.)* and moved from them to too wide a range of quality. Much of his subsequent directing was not even shown in this country; some of his best work was as actor in other people's films *(Bread, Love and Dreams, General della Rovere).* He surfaced again as a fine director with *Two Women* in 1961, then in 1972 he made another serious attempt with *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*—unsuccessful, I think. According to his obituary notices last year—he died at 73—he had just completed another picture, *The Voyage*, with Sophia Loren.

But *A Brief Vacation* is billed as his last film. Last or not, it's very pleasant, not at his best level yet with a lot in it that shows the experience of a gifted man. Two men actually—because one can't talk about De Sica's best direction apart from the scripts of Cesare Zavattini, who was his screenwriter (and political mentor) for 35 years.

A Brief Vacation states, strongly, some early De Sica-Zavattini social concerns, then softens them a bit, although the color photography (Enno Guarnieri) is much less soppy than in *Finzi-Continis.* A young impoverished working wife, a Calabrian in Milan—which is like being an Alabaman in Detroit—develops a spot on her lung. With the grudging consent of her husband and in-laws, she goes to a state sanitorium in the Italian Alps. There she has the luxury of a room to herself, courteous consideration, the friendship of other women who show her possibilities in life she had not dreamed of, and a romance with a male patient in another pavilion.

The romance is the weakest part of the film, both because the role of the ailing mechanic is played by a man who is only a good-looking actor and because that whole narrative strand is handled with constraint and embarrassment. The gallery of women patients is rather obviously selected and balanced; it's not a Magic Mountain, only a modestly magic molehill. But the film is frequently touching because De Sica-Zavattini handle the young wife's home and working life with fidelity and utter understanding, and because of the performance of Florinda Bolkan. I've seen her before only in indistinguished stuff. With De Sica (as Loren and others have done) she flowers, presenting a grimy young prole, surly because she knows she has to struggle for life even against her family; and who blossoms, if only briefly, into a fulfillment based on the earlier self. When the doctors tell her that she has recovered and can go home, she cries. Since we know that she loves her children and at least understands her husband, the moment is very moving.

Under the escape-from-dailiness story, De Sica-Zavattini fix a different dream. When Bolkan returns from having her life saved by the state's care and from the glimpse of her possible selves made visible by the state, the first thing she sees in the rainy Milan station is a graffito reading "Viva Mao."

Shampoo is disgusting. With technical skill and some occasionally bright dialogue and some excellent décor by Richard Sylbert, it exploits serious subjects and new licenses with nauseating cynicism—not of the society it portrays but of the filmmakers.

A young Hollywood male hairdresser scuttles between his work and a number of women, one of them married, another of them her teenage daughter. The events take place on Election Eve and Day in 1968, for no other reason apparently than that TV statements by Nixon and Agnew can (retrospectively) serve as a farcical sounding-board for the farcical story. But Nixon and Agnew have characters; they are complex corrupt human beings. No one in this film is much more than a stockpile of stock attributes. Nixon and Agnew tell us something about ourselves: these plastic Movieland freaks are both uninteresting and unaffecting, even as buffoons.

The hero, played by Warren Beatty, is the most vacuous of the lot. Presumably he is meant to be a pleasant drifter on a sexual stream, but his numb blandness is itself numbing. He tries to get money to start his own beauty shop, but it's impossible to reconcile his supposed individual success as a hairdresser with his ineptness. (In a scene of outrage with a bank manager, our sympathy is supposed to be with Beatty against the Establishment. My sympathy was all with the manager against this goon. Compare Jack Nicholson's powerful outburst at the waitress in *Five Easy Pieces.)* He makes some steadying moves toward his "serious" girl (Goldie Hawn), only to switch suddenly when he accidentally re-meets a former girl of his (Julie Christie), now the mistress of Beatty's married amour's rich husband. And after this purely chance re-meeting we are supposed to believe in Beatty's desolation when Christie finally goes off with her rich man. (Last shot: Beatty on a Hollywood hilltop against the mist as the cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs tries to recapture his own last shot in *Five Easy Pieces.)*

Not only are the characters empty—perhaps excepting the rich man, adequately played by Jack Warden—but most of the women look alike. Julie Christie, beautiful long ago, has been put in a mechanical press so that she comes out with exactly the face and hair and look of Lee Grant, and Hawn would look the same too except for her rabbity features. Women in the street or the shop look like them; twice I thought an extra walking toward us was either Christie or Grant. Yes, that may have been the plan of the director, Hal Ashby, but then where is the point of reference? From whose view is everything being seen? And if it's all mere mindless frenzy, meant to be exposed as such,

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Lenny. Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine and Bob Fosse all shine above the script they had to work with.

Murder on the Orient Express. All-star cast in Agatha Christie. Little suspense, lots of corny pleasure.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman crammed his 300-minute TV series into 180 minutes, but most of it is absolutely superb.

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Opinion, Not Science

The Pleasure Bond
by William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson

Little, Brown; $8.95)

I'm reluctant to give this book the roasting I think it deserves—reluctant because of my respect for Masters' and Johnson's past achievements. In their first two books, *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, they did pioneering work of profound importance, did so in a climate of isolation and scorn, widely snubbed as freakish voyeurs, mere "mechanists" of sex. Their contributions have been notable. They greatly improved our understanding of the physiology of sexual response and our acceptance of sex as a natural function. Their emphasis on the ability of the female to achieve multiple orgasms, on the essentially clitoral nature of female sexuality and on the *similarity* of male and female sexual response, provided the feminist movement with crucial data. Their no-nonsense insistence on the value of masturbatory orgasm and on the viability of continuing sexual activity for older people did much to remove vestiges of Victorian prudery. The liberating nature of these findings more than compensated for the opaque prose style in which they were presented. It's important (*i.e.*, I'd feel better) to keep in mind the magnitude and diversity of Masters' and Johnson's previous achievements as we move to the grim business of evaluating their new book—the first aimed at a "popular" audience.

The Pleasure Bond is apparently designed to rescue Masters and Johnson from the charge that they are mere monsters of technology, that in concentrating on the physiological changes that occur during sexual arousal and orgasm they have dehumanized the sex act. Written with the help of Robert J. Levin, articles editor of *Redbook*, the book consists of edited tapes made with small groups of couples during 1971-2, interspersed with short essays in which Masters and Johnson develop in greater detail some of the issues raised during the symposia. Entirely free of technical language, appealingly loose in structure, the book does succeed in presenting the two scientists for the first time as likable human beings.

But the book will not promote their image as significant theorists of sex. The intimidating jargon of their earlier work served to conceal and protect from scrutiny the subjective assumptions that underlay their presentation. To my knowledge only one critic—Paul Robinson of Stanford—managed to give Masters and Johnson proper credit for their contributions and at the same time hold them to a proper accounting for their ideological sloppiness. (Robinson's skillful essay, which has done much to clarify my own perceptions, will appear shortly in his new book, *The Modernization of Sex.)*

The Pleasure Bond reveals the poverty of Masters' and Johnson's conceptualizations, the narrow range of their speculative powers, the startling degree to which they are bound by conventional wisdom, the wisdom of the early '50s. They will often inaugurate a discussion with an abstract statement of resounding modernity—and then go on to hedge it with so many qualifying "ifs" and "buts" that they end by sounding in opposition to the liberal position they initially stated. One example: "The questioning of old strictures is part of a healthy skepticism about sexual mores," they tell us, *but* such questioning fills life with great "danger and possibility of pain"; moreover "at the heart of the wish for sexual newness or change is a stereotyped concept of sex which omits any idea of sex as a medium for creativity." I can't guess at the special definitions Masters and Johnson may be employing here, but I am mystified at their apparent conviction that "creativity" and the wish for "newness and change" are polar opposites.

Perhaps even more damaging to Masters and Johnson than the intellectual fuzziness of *The Pleasure Bond* is its exposure of their hubris. They claim to have produced a work based wholly on verifiable fact (we "never present a personal opinion" . . . our "absolute philosophy" is that we "must be nonjudgemental"), whereas in truth it is full of generalities unsupported by detailed evidence or rigorous argument. Given the sharp challenge of recent years to the claims of "value-free," "objective" social science, Masters' and Johnson's insistence that they deal strictly with "facts" is breathtaking in its naiveté.

Innocent of historical and anthropological perspective, the few times they attempt a historical reference (there are no references to anthropological data), they reveal the shallowness of their knowledge. They speak of sexuality in the pre-industrial world, for example, as if it were all of a piece, a time when "husbands and wives . . . found the need and the opportunity for achieving sexual unity within their particular lifestyles." This is the myth of the "happy yeoman" extended to include a happy wife copulating with him in contented unity.

Had Masters and Johnson more sense of the diversity that has characterized sexual behavior through time and across cultures, they might have better understood the parochial nature of contemporary patterns and better guarded against their tendency to view certain human traits ("the need for the security of reasonable limits in sexual relationships") and the institutions that have come to embody them (monogamous heterosexual marriage) as constants of human nature. Paradoxically, as regards *other* traits and institutional arrangements (impotence, patriarchy), they do a 180-degree turn and stress the *ease* with which therapeutic intervention and "enlightened information" can produce behavioral change. Within a twinkling we have left the world of almost Calvinistic conservatism and entered the countryside of American perfectionism. The distinction between what is mutable (male dominance) and immutable ("the overwhelming majority of women require an enduring relationship with a man") seems entirely arbitrary. Perhaps it is not, but *if* not, we want the proof, the evidence that has apparently convinced Masters and Johnson that certain aspects of the human condition as we currently know it are merely cultural in origin and other aspects transcultural.

We do not get evidence. We get instead a good deal of banal exhortation. We also get the reiterated *assertion* that the monogamous heterosexual marriage bond test serves the needs of human nature. And if marriages run into trouble, we are blandly assured that "the commonest cause . . . is simply misinformation." A frank talk, a kind touch, a few easily learned techniques, will soon return the partners to a realization that an enduring marriage bond is the most satisfying embodiment of our sexual and spiritual yearnings. One need not be

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overly cynical about the value of talk, information and technique in order to question their infallibility for cure, or to wonder whether *some* of the widespread discontent with monogamous marriage might not be due to an occasional wish for variety (even anonymity—the appeal of the magical stranger) in our sexual partners.

In the symposium Masters and Johnson held with "swingers"—those who find extramarital sex not only pleasurable in itself but often supportive of the marriage—Masters and Johnson resolutely refuse to hear the subversive testimony on their own tape recorder. They turn it off with two techniques. First, they bring in three case histories from outside and use *those* (rather than the testimony of the participants in the symposium) as the basis for their pronouncement that "sexual pathology" is involved in episodes of swinging. But the three histories are patently loaded—in one, the woman had been talked into extramarital activity by her husband; in another, the man had been teased by the other men when he failed to get an erection after drinking too much liquor. This tactic hardly inspires confidence in Masters' and Johnson's integrity, nor in their touted "objectivity," nor in their capacity to follow their own oft-repeated exhortation that we must *listen* to what other people are trying to tell us.

Their second technique is to insist that they know better than do the symposiasts themselves what their experiences and feelings have been. Here, for example, are the words of "Naomi," one of the participants: "I've had three extra-marital affairs . . . I loved all my lovers, and I still do. I don't make love with them now, but I still love them. . . ." Here is Virginia Johnson's "comment": Naomi's "emphasis on the fact that she still 'loves' the men with whom she had her affairs . . . is just one example of the kind of clichéd requirements that such people use to maintain their meticulous sense of themselves as decent human beings . . . paying a price that they themselves may not be aware of: a lost capacity for powerful emotions." I'd say Johnson's comment gives us more insight into *her* value structure than into the experience Naomi was trying to communicate—and shows, too, how in playing the role of Olympian therapist one can lose an opportunity for examining one's own experiences in the light of someone else's. (One could question, for example, whether the price of *monogamy* isn't "a lost capacity for powerful emotions.")

Masters, if anything, does a little worse—is more sanctimonious and remote. When "Oliver" describes, in what seemed to me an honest and intelligent way, the satisfaction he's derived from a three-way sexual relationship, Masters dismisses his remarks as mere "rationalizations," attempts to conceal the fact that "individuals like Oliver feel hollow—and sound hollow to objective observers." One needn't be an advocate of extramarital sex in order to recognize that we have not been treated to a serious discussion of the comparative pleasures and risks of infidelity. We have not—on the "experts'" side—heard even a humane one. We have heard patronization, the assertion (not the demonstration) of superior insight, the projection of the "authority's" experience onto that of the "underlings," the reduction of complex feelings to simplistic slogans.

Masters and Johnson are so determined to see extramarital sex as "immaturity . . . a wish not to grow up," that they place themselves in a number of odd positions. When they insist, for example, that *the* measure of whether one has "grown up" is whether one is developing "a long-range relationship rather than concentrating it all on short-term pampering of the individual self," they are apparently consigning to non-adulthood all those millions who decline monogamous heterosexuality as the *summa pro bono*—which would include, to pick a few loaded names at random, Henry Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman and Henry James. When they further state that a marriage without "effective sexual functioning" can survive but will "prove to be a relatively poor one," they are consigning to failure the unions, among others, of Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Victoria Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson. It would be instructive to have some concrete historical examples of unions that Masters and Johnson consider "relatively rich."

It would also be instructive to have their definition of "short-term pampering." Are they placing pleasure and commitment in *opposition* to each other? It's hard to tell. They confirm, on the one hand, that sexual pleasure is not contingent on love, yet on the other insist on puncturing the "misconception" that "sex-as-service" ever gives much erotic gratification—implying for good measure that in case multiple sexual contacts *do* provide pleasure, it must give way to the demands of a long-term relationship. Does that mean the needs of the individual must be subordinated to the needs of the marriage unit? If so then monogamous marriage for some people will necessarily entail considerable repression. This, in turn, can only be justified on the assumption—one to which Masters and Johnson inflexibly adhere—that the reward will be personal growth (*not*, apparently, to be equated with personal pleasure). But we still await the proof that might replace the circular reasoning.

Masters and Johnson do understand that sex has many functions besides the solidification of "commitment"—that it "may be a form of sport or a form of expression or a form of barter," a way of exploring one's identity, investigating feelings of friendship, discharging tensions, discovering buried fantasies and needs. Rather than deplore any of these functions out of hand—*that*, they must realize, would put their reputation for modernity in serious jeopardy—they adamantly insist instead that these functions are best fulfilled within the context of monogamous marriage. "Over a period of time," extramarital activities and "artificial methods of arousal" weaken the bonds between husband and wife, and since "the search for happiness and personal fulfillment . . . sooner or later leads to marriage," they "would not be surprised" if in the end people "discover themselves happier to restrict their sexual involvement to just one partner."

For Masters and Johnson "happiness" is a direct function of familiarity, safety, *permanence*. They cannot understand, and do their best to belittle, those who derive "happiness" from other states of being. Which means despite all their rhetoric of concern for "individual growth," that they are intolerant of individual differences. They are, to be sure, entitled to their opinion that monogamous heterosexuality is the one true path to the Garden of Eden. But let us be clear that it *is* opinion being peddled here, not "science."

Martin Duberman

Martin Duberman teaches history at Lehman College, CUNY and is currently at work on a history of sexual behavior in the US. His most recent book is *Black Mountain* (Doubleday/Anchor).

Coming
Kay Boyle reviews
Tom Wicker's
account of Attica,
A Time to Die

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Not Going Places

Mercier and Camier
by Samuel Beckett

(Grove Press; $6.95)

With the publication of *Mercier and Camier* Beckett offers us a missing link in the chain of walk-talkers traveling *in duo* throughout his work, a "gallery of moribunds" who can hardly be said to be going places. For the Beckett enthusiast, Joyce's ideal reader suffering an ideal insomnia, the appearance of this volume is like the discovery of some rich archeological find. Though critics have been busy excavating the original French manuscript for years now, it is refreshing to circumvent paraphrase by encountering the novel in Beckett's own strange English.

Beckett wrote *Mercier and Camier* in 1946: the date is important, for the novel directly prefigures *Waiting for Godot* and the trilogy *Molloy, Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable*. *Mercier and Camier* is ripe with "traces blurs signs" of things to come: Gogo and Didi's delightful "little canters," the mathematical computations and time schedules of *Molloy*, the inventories, agendas and endless lists of *Malone Dies*, Zeno's millet grains in *Endgame*, the flowers, stargazing and mucous membrane of *Enough*, the "quincunxes" of *The Lost Ones*, the "arsy-versy" of *All That Fall* and *Imagination Dead Imagine*. But Beckett's self-imposed mythological framework rarely interferes with the spontaneity of each new work. Though his repertory presents us with links in a chain, each link, like the roadside chains Mercier sets dancing, has a rhythm and integrity of its own.

Mercier and Camier are on a journey, in the original manuscript version "autour du Pot dans les Bosquets du Bondy." In colloquial French the grove of Bondy is a den of thieves and *tourner autour du pot* is "to detour." Like the nameless narrator in *From an Abandoned Work*, Beckett's couple is not on its way anywhere, but simply on its way. The journey, not the arrival, matters, a work-in-process, not progress. As the voyage pushes forward in its vivid discontinuity, no incident of plot is elaborated and no psychological motivation is probed. The journey, in fact, is in words.

Beckett conceived this piece in French, his first novel in an adopted tongue. "Perhaps only the French language can give you the thing you want," observes Belacqua's friend Lucien in the unpublished "virgin chronicle" *A Dream of Fair to Middling Women*, "perhaps only the French can do it." Beckett told one interviewer that it was easier for him to write in French "sans style," another that he made the shift "pour faire remarquer moi." Beckett's attempt is to evoke those "words without wrinkles"

Jack Coughlin

of Breton's surrealist dreams. He disenfranchizes the mechanical coupling of words and the deterministic linkage of image and idea ("solution clapped on problem like snuffer on a candle") by writing first in a French notebook, then translating back into his native tongue. The result, a prolonged exile in words, recaptures, as he said Joyce did, "all the inevitable clarity of old inarticulation" in a "savage economy of hieroglyphics."

Beckett is a biologist in words. "Grammar and style!," he wrote to his German friend Axel Kaun in 1937. "They appear to me to have become just as obsolete as a Beidermeier bathing suit or the imperturbability of a gentleman. A mask." There is a danger at any moment of rising up into rhetoric: "Speak it even and pride comes." Worn-out words, Yeats' "old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can, old iron, old bones, old rags," are a form of complacency. Beckett therefore manipulates language the way T. S. Eliot said it was necessary to approach English: with animosity.

But Mercier and Camier are hardly the same inarticulate murmurers in the mud we encounter in those recent minimalist constructions Beckett calls "residua." Francis Xavier Camier, a Soul-of-Discretion detective like Jacques Moran, has a rendezvous with a Mr. Conaire, "hors d'oeuvre" in the French. Mercier is his Watson, prénom indeterminable, a delicate and hypersensitive soul unhappily married to the nonappearing Toffana, a very tough Anna Livia Plurabelle indeed. No matter how far the pair roams, they are never far from the fair Helen and her Kidderminster carpet, on which murmurings of quite another sort take place on rainy mornings. We are in Ireland, and more particularly, in the area immediately surrounding Dublin with its canals. Saints Patrick and Teresa work in a barroom owned by Mr. Gast and managed by Mr. Gall, the latter making a return engagement from his role as piano-tuner in *Watt*. Detective and sidekick are invited to down a couple of pints with Watt, the hero who will drink only milk during his whatnot sojourn at Mr. Knott's house. Although Watt says he knew one of the two in the "moses basket," neither Mercier nor Camier remembers him. "I knew a poor man named Murphy," says the Proustian Mercier, "who had a look of you, only less battered of course. But he died ten years ago, in rather mysterious circumstances. They never found his body, can you imagine." "I am not widely known, true," says Watt, "but I shall be, one day."

Mercier and Camier is a series of sudden encounters dictated by the laws of chance, that terrorist tactic preached as a Dada-surrealist esthetic. The pair meets by chance, a tossed umbrella determines the road they will take, and it is only by chance that they miss meeting one another at the end of a beautiful friendship. "Chance knows how to handle it," says Mercier, "Deep down I never counted but on her." Orchestrating the laws of chance, but never obeying the strictures of chance itself, is Beckett's narrator, the "I" we encounter on the first page who passes in and out of his characters' consciousness with alarming surrealist fluidity.

The sudden shifts effected by chance move us on from one vaudeville routine to the next. The summaries at the end of every two chapters, resembling the Addenda to *Watt* and the "Work Points and Consequential Data" in *The Alexandria Quartet*, name the music-hall skits

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we have previously experienced, lists of slapstick fare to preserve in the attic with our other playbills. Camier, "small and fat, red face, scant hair, four chins, protruding paunch, bandy legs, beady pig eyes," is Oliver Hardy; Mercier, "a big bony hunk . . . hardly able to stand, wicked expression," is Stan Laurel. Together their comic antics piece together the same "hardy laurel" we have previously met in *Watt*.

In *Mercier and Camier* familiar items from Beckett's iconography unexplainably disappear: parrot, umbrella, raincoat, pen, sack, bicycle, finally friendship. But in letting us have, after almost 30 years, the eight chapters of *Mercier and Camier* (12 in the 1970 French edition), Beckett has adapted through translation a manuscript he once described as "jettisoned." "I'll weaken some day," he said when earlier refusing to let the novel out on a literary journey of its own. *Mercier and Camier* finally gives us two more "high-class nuts to crack," in that great tradition of Pozzo and Lucky, Vladimir and Estragon, Hamm and Clov, Winnie and Willie, Moran and Molloy, Mouth and Auditor, and those sexual athletes Hairy Mac and Sucky Moll. Yet another stimulant enabling "the kitten to catch its tail," this recycled experiment in words presents us with a long-awaited novel in which Beckett's language falls once again on its feet, like a cat.

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A Place for All

The Conservative Nation by Andrew Gamble

(Routledge & Kegan Paul; $15.50)

What is conservatism? That is a question that has inspired both controversy and confusion ever since Chateaubriand first conjured the bothersome ideological noun out of the remains of the Latin verb *conservare* for the purpose of making his anti-Jacobin views more palatable to his radicalized contemporaries. Like so many of the self-styled "conservatives" who followed in his wake, Chateaubriand was not really conservative—at least in the literal sense of the word. He was like Joseph de Maistre an ultraroyalist, who longed for the restoration of the Old Regime and the rule of "throne and altar"; he was a counterrevolutionary, a reactionary, a White Jacobin; but, unlike his fellow Ultras, he could not bring himself to admit as de Maistre had admitted that his political philosophy was predicated on prejudices that were not only counterrevolutionary, but contrary to the very idea of revolution ("Nous ne voulons pas la contre-revolution mais le contraire de la revolution," de Maistre had boasted). To call himself a *conservateur*, he rightly thought, made for better politics in post-Thermidorian France. He knew that the language of politics works best when it is vague.

Thanks to Chateaubriand's lack of specificity, conservatism became, over the years, more of a *mot d'usage* than a coherent ideology. As such it defied the rules of political taxonomy, and was casually appended to the most disparate forms of rightist activity. Unlike other 19th-century political movements, such as Marxism and liberalism, conservatism never managed to develop a consistent set of political principles for its votaries to follow, and so many different forms of conservatism came into being —most of which had little in common. Yet, for all its intransigent heterogeneity, conservatism (or rather conservatisms) has not wanted for interpretations and definitions. Indeed during the halcyon days of the Goldwater movement in this country, the writing of books purporting to explain the meaning of conservatism developed into a kind of cottage industry that employed both the friends and the foes of the Arizona senator.

For some time now, students of conservative politics have tended to agree with the rather rationalist and unhistorical analysis of Michael Oakeshott, who pedantically followed the lead of the Oxford lexicographers and defined conservatism simply as a mode of thought or action bent on preserving established institutions, customs and conditions—to wit, the status quo. To be a conservative, Oakeshott argued, is to be content with the present, to prefer the familiar to the unknown, the tried to the untried, fact to mystery, the actual to the possible, the near to the distant, the sufficient to the superabundant, the convenient to the perfect. It is, in short, to prefer the humdrum world of reality to the mare's nest of utopia.

But historical conservatism has unfortunately rarely been concerned with conservation, and the Oakeshottian analysis is, therefore, not a view that most genuine conservatives, past or present, would willingly ascribe to. Opposition to the status quo is the catalyst of most conservative movements, and the construction of elaborate political utopias has traditionally been the conservative's main method of dealing with the problems of the present. If Oakeshott and his school of thought were correct, then Brezhnev and Castro, both of whom are ardent defenders of the status quo in their respective societies, would be true conservatives, and Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater would be nothing more than utopian dreamers.

The point that is usually missed by students of political conservatism is that every manifestation of conservatism is *sui generis*, relative to a specific set of political and historical circumstances, and conservative movements can only be properly understood in terms of their relationships to these unique political and historical developments. One cannot, for example, take a single conservative movement, such as the Old Whiggery of Edmund Burke, and apply its characteristics to other conservative movements in different times and places, as Russell Kirk has done, any more than one can play the Oakeshottian "language game" with conservatism. Unlike other modern political movements, conservatism has never possessed a program of rules and concepts that could be applied universally in different times and places. The conservatism of Chateaubriand had

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ittle in common with the conservatism of his contemporaries in different cultures, just as it has little in common with 20th-century French conservatism.

This absence of formal ideological rules is, I think, the one element that has most confused the contemporary ideologized scholar when it comes to dealing with conservatism as a force in political history. But this does not mean that one cannot generalize about conservative movements. Indeed, the recognition of the relativism of each unique conservative movement is itself a generalization. One can also say, among other things, that conservatisms are—for all their differences—generally ideologies of crisis and opposition. They are reactive ideologies that respond to the crises engendered by different forms of radical change by opposing both the change and the forces that brought it about in the first place. Therefore, there can be no real conservatism in relatively calm and happy times, save for the kind of conservatism Oakeshott has evoked, since most people are content with their collective lot in such times, and are, for very practical reasons, more than willing to accept the status quo. It is only when crises transform the status quo into an inhospitable place that the man of conservative disposition begins to react, shed ink and rouse his allies to political action. The particular crises need not be of traumatizing proportions, and the conservative's reaction may be extreme and vituperative, or it may be moderate and constructive.

Since the French Revolution, René Rémond has written, "no political force can avoid the question which scans our political life: Right or Left? Sooner or later, all movements are forced to enter the framework of this space with only two known dimensions: Right or Left." Rémond was thinking primarily in terms of French history, where the left-right dichotomy has been more blatant than almost anywhere else, yet his dictum can be readily applied to the rest of Europe and, with certain reservations, to America. Because of the intensity of the ideological divisions that have plagued Europe since 1789, European conservative movements have tended to be both rather extreme and unsuccessful. Largely because the crises that have afflicted Europe have been of a catastrophic and seemingly irreparable nature, the European conservative is often associated with lost causes. Like the man who arrives at the scene of a fire too late to do anything but remind those willing to listen of the magnificent edifice that once stood on the recently consumed spot, the European conservative was often tardy in recognizing the threats to his way of life. This tardiness in coming to grips with political reality, Leon Trotsky once noted, assured the European conservative of an honored place in the dustbin of history.

Having said all this about conservatism, I now move to the one conservative movement in the world today that has managed to rise consistently above the oppositionist tendencies of other conservative movements and become a party of government, the British Conservative party. The Conservative party, it is often noted, seems to defy the political ground rules of the modern world, which clearly show that the left ought to be in the ascendancy. Yet since the establishment of mass political parties in Britain in the 1860s, other political parties have come and gone, but the Tory party has survived and prospered against all odds. It is a party of property and class privilege that has always been able to engage the support of the propertyless and the unprivileged. More than one British Socialist has been tempted to chuck his battered copy of *Das Kapital* before attempting to do battle with the great Tory machine, since the traditional leftist canon rarely seemed to work when it was confronted with the nebulous magic of Conservative party policy. Andrew Gamble is the latest in a long line of British leftists to deal with "the Conservative problem," and his important new book, *The Conservative Nation*, is the best treatment of British conservatism by a leftist since Tawney, even though it fails to fully explain the reasons for the continued success of the Conservative party.

Like so many Marxist scholars, Gamble allows his ideology to get in the way of his scholarship, and one comes away from his book with the feeling that he has missed the point because he really doesn't understand British politics or Toryism. As a Marxist he might have profited from studying the late Karl Mannheim's brilliant study of German conservatism and the conservative style of thought, but Mannheim is not even mentioned in Gamble's book.

Gamble cannot get away from the problem of class, although as the title of his books suggests, he knows better. Nevertheless, he insists on depicting the Conservative party as the party of the

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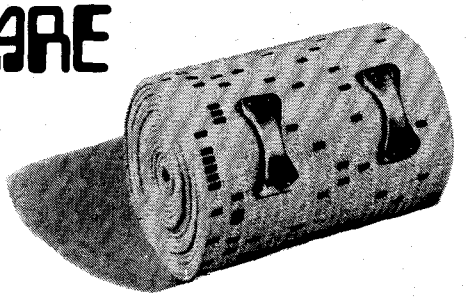

Ideological and Interest Group Barriers to Reform

ROBERT R. ALFORD

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monarchy, the aristocracy, the established church, the army, the law, the old universities. Yet the rejection of class consciousness is one of the things that most sets Toryism apart from the less successful conservative movements of Europe, and explains why so many Britons have always thought of the Conservative party as the national party. The Labour party, Harold Macmillan used to argue, is the true class party. "They build on division," he explained. "We [Tories] are a national party. We build on unity." This sense of unity, as Gamble concedes, is the main source of conservatism's success in Britain. It is not simply a Sorelian myth, as Gamble implies, but something that is very much a part of the British ethos. When the Duke of Wellington asked Richard Oastler to define the essence of Toryism, he was told that it was a movement that looked after every class in British society. "My Lord Duke," Oastler explained, "I mean a place for everything, and everything in its place."

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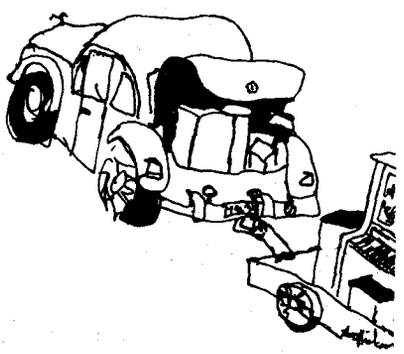

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The Conservative nation was clearly not built upon class prejudices. The Conservative party's historic appeal has, rather, been the appeal of patriotism and the belief that it is the best governing agent of an integrated if stratified social order. Toryism, through a combination of adaptability and flexibility, has historically managed to embrace the broadest section of British public opinion more often than any other political parties. The Tory ruling class has always been more obliging in its *noblesse* than the ruling classes of Europe. This was true even before the Glorious Revolution, when Sir Thomas Elyot set down the rules that would personify Britain's tolerant ruling class through the centuries. Hence the Conservative cause became, as Disraeli boasted, not simply the cause of the crown and the peerage, but a cause devoted to "the privileges of the Commons, the rights of the poor . . . [and] the magnificent concord of all interests, of all classes, on which our national greatness depends."

While 19th-century European conservatives were still railing against the egalitarianism of the French Revolution, the Tories had long since embraced democracy. Indeed, Lord Randolph Churchill campaigned under the banner of "Tory Democracy," and he advised his ideological brothers to "trust the people." As a typical product of the ruling class Churchill recognized that the relationship between the governed and the governing had to be based upon unity and integration rather than class distinctions if the ruling class was to survive. The ruling class, he argued, ruled by reason of its "natural superiority," but it was expected at the same time to put its collective talents at the service of society as a whole. "To govern," as Edward Heath has written, "is to serve."

Conservatives have traditionally believed, with Disraeli, that the best government is one made up of Tory men with Whig measures, because such a government would allow for both tradition and change. Unlike other conservative movements in other countries, the Conservative party has always been willing to embrace change and turn it to its own purposes—as is personified by the recent elevation of Margaret Thatcher as leader of the Conservative party. "In a progressive country," Disraeli wrote, "change is constant; and the question is not whether you should resist change which is inevitable, but whether that change should be carried out in deference to the manners, the customs, the laws, and the traditions of a people, or whether it should be carried out in deference to abstract principles, and arbitrary and general doctrines." Burke summed up the British Conservative view of change even more cogently when he warned, "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors . . . All reformations we have hitherto made have proceeded upon the principle of reference to antiquity; and I hope, nay I am persuaded, that all those which possibly may be made hereafter, will be carefully formed upon analogical precedent, authority and example."

Such are the nuances that help to form the conservative style, and it is a pity that Gamble's ideological *impedimenta* have prevented him from grasping them fully. These are, I hasten to add, nuances that many European and American rightists have also failed to grasp in their search for ideological inspiration in Britain. There is no Tory *gestaltprinzip*, as Karl Mannheim discovered, since Toryism is an empirical movement that is motivated more by the *zeitgeist* than by any set of formal ideological principles. Even the Ancient Constitution, which Burke exalted in his confrontation with Jacobinism, is suffused with a vigorous empiricism that confounds the contemporary ideologue in much the same way that it confounded the Enlightenment philosophers against whom Burke battled. These qualities have allowed Toryism, for all its antediluvian trappings, to survive and prosper into the collectivist age.

It was Quintin Hogg who said that conservatives do not believe that political struggle is the most important thing in life. "The simplest among them," he noted, "prefer fox-hunting—the wisest religion." That, I suspect, is the ultimate Tory nuance, and had Gamble been able to appreciate that fact his book might have been better. He might have better understood the "animated moderation"—to borrow Walter Bagehot's famous phrase—that is at the heart of Conservative party policy. Still, there is a paucity of serious books about the Conservative party, and Mr. Gamble's book, for all its failings, is an instructive book, full of information, and a step in the right direction.

Peter P. Witonski

Peter P. Witonski is with the Hoover Institution, Stanford University. He is author of *The Wisdom of Conservatism* (Arlington House).

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Life at 50

Here At The New Yorker by Brendan Gill

(Random House; $12.95)

Thurber by Burton Bernstein

(Dodd, Mead; $15)

The other morning, when I went to visit a friend at *The New Yorker*, he came to fetch me at the reception desk. We talked, and then he led me to his office, down a dim-lighted and narrow corridor—a slalom run between frayed boxes, empty 10-gallon water jugs and other obstacles—all of it easily qualifying for a HUD slum-renewal grant. "This is where all that elegant prose comes from?" I asked in astonishment. My friend, a long-time staff writer, and by now blind to it all, laughed. "Everyone reacts like that," he said. "They've been reading the magazine for years, and then they see this. But we survive. Life goes on."

Assuredly. Last week *The New Yorker* observed 50 years of ongoing life, an event that is not likely to rate a louder roll of the self-promotional drums than the customary third-week-in-February cover appearance of Eustace Tilley, the dandy who adorned the first issue in 1925. But loyalists of the magazine deserve more than just another issue of the magazine, however much sharpness of prose, poetry, humor and criticism it may offer. For them Brendan Gill, now the magazine's Broadway man, has provided a finely written, occasionally merry and often illuminating account of what he has seen and heard since he hired on in the late 1930s.

Every magazine is a cloister of eccentrics—normal people with an urge to write go into advertising—and Gill gracefully and wittily lets us know that he is as aware of his own lapses of reason as those of, say, colleagues Thurber, Perelman, Ross or White. At one point, after passing on the comforting news that *The New Yorker* often pays for the funeral expenses of its writers, Gill writes that "this is as good a place as any to interject that in life our rewards from the magazine are comparatively modest. We are not fussed over or made much of, especially if we are in good health. For example on the 25th anniversary of my arrival on the scene, I suggested that a substantial check might serve as an amiable souvenir of the occasion; the suggestion fell on deaf ears. I then proposed that a gold watch could not possibly give offense. Again, no response. Finally I put it to Shawn [William Shawn, the editor since 1952] that he might at least take me to lunch at what was then reputed to be the most expensive restaurant in town: Lutèce. Very well; we went to Lutèce, whose owner, enchanted to have the elusive Shawn on the premises, hung aggressively above the table, chatted at intolerable length of his own affairs, and at last insisted upon our having the *plat du jour*, which turned out to be Irish stew. Twenty-five years on the magazine, and my reward a plate of Irish stew! In death we can all hope to do better."

The strength of a magazine comes from its writers, but its excellence—the feel for subjects, devotion to clarity, awe for the real—must come from the editor. *The New Yorker* has had only two—Harold Ross and William Shawn. Gill dotes on both of them throughout, and doubtlessly their affection for him is one of the few things the two editors had in common. "Of the immediately obvious ways in which Ross and Shawn were unlike, one thinks of voice, vocabulary and manners. Ross's voice was loud, rasping, Western; Shawn's is soft, rounded and standard American. Ross spoke billingsgate; the harshest expletive I have ever heard Shawn utter is a whispered 'Oh, God!' As for manners Ross might truly be said not to have had any . . . Shawn by contrast might be a revenant from some small eighteenth-century court. He observes every amenity."

Caution and politeness are probably the safest tactics for getting along with a staff of writers and artists secure in their talent and, as we learn from Gill, often blustery in it as well. He reports that John O'Hara wanted to be paid by the magazine "a sizable fraction of the money he would have received" if the rejected pieces were accepted. The idea, like most of the 175,000 manuscripts, cartoons and other offerings that course into the magazine every year, was politely turned down. "Reward a man for having bungled?" was Ross' rejection; "what's the world coming to." It is known that *The New Yorker* pays handsomely, but precise figures are hard to come by. "The writers aren't paid," one business official told me, "they're taken care of." Gill recalls his struggles about the buck with Raoul Fleischmann, the original finance man of the magazine. "He held certain notions about payments to writers and artists that were so outrageous as not to be discussible. He sincerely believed that whatever a writer or artist was paid by *The New Yorker* was by definition too much, since the magazine was, as he repeatedly pointed out, a 'showcase' for us, especially when we were at the beginning of our careers. It followed that we were lucky to be paid anything at all; if justice were truly to be served, then we should be paying the magazine for the privilege of appearing in it." Gill once tried to organize a small union to negotiate for wages but he had no joiners. "What an act of folly on my part! As if the kind of people who want to write for *The New Yorker* were the kind of people who want to act sensibly!"

Not all his criticisms are as whimsical as that. James Thurber—"that malicious man"—is presented as petty, sneaky and vainglorious. According to Gill, "other people's miseries made Thurber's happiest times." Fortunately, Gill's word on Thurber need not be swallowed whole. Burton Bernstein, a *New Yorker* staff writer for 18 years, has written an

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instructive and fair-minded biography of Thurber. It is helpful to be reminded by Bernstein the reasons Thurber, at peak moments of his humor, could be compared favorably with Mark Twain. The book carries a large amount of Thurber documents and letters, around which Bernstein offers careful comment on Thurber's place in American literature. "As for the man," writes Bernstein, "he passed through [life] with brilliance, cheered the population, suffered and caused some suffering, and then passed on."

Toward the end of his life, Thurber became a quarrelling and raging man, often drunk and always tormented. The man of gaiety became a victim of gloom. He began dictating—because of his blindness—a "mystical work" in which he confided to a friend that "this will be the real truth, for the first time. I can't hide any more behind the mask of comedy that I've used all my life. People are not funny; they are vicious and horrible—and so is life."

Gill says that he and Thurber spent many years as personal enemies; the irony is that Gill appears to have much of the lightheartedness that can be found in many of Thurber's characters. It is easy to imagine a Thurber eccentric from Columbus say, as Gill does about his years with the magazine: "The whole of my professional career. . . ."

Gill himself is a citizen lacking in sense. Instead his writing here shows a man of entertaining whimsy and easy-going feelings. "The whole of my professional career can be summed up by saying that I started out at the place where I wanted to be—*The New Yorker* magazine—and with much pleasure and very little labor have remained here ever since. Sometimes, and with reason, I boast of never having done an honest day's work in my life. An honest day's play—oh, that I have accomplished on a thousand occasions, or ten thousand, but work implies a measure of drudgery and fatigue, and these are states as yet unknown to me."

They are alien states also to *The New Yorker's* faithful. This number, and others, can hardly fail to enjoy backpacking with Gill down the years and down the back corridors of the magazine. Behind the water jugs and boxes—better that than plastic flowers—is a collection of people unique in American publishing. Gill tells us about some of them, including himself, and we are lightened and refreshed by the telling.

Colman McCarthy

Colman McCarthy is a columnist and editorial writer for *The Washington Post.*

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Roger Rosenblatt on television

Kojak

This is an episode of the police series, "Kojak": A college student kisses his girlfriend goodnight, and departs. The girl begins to walk across campus. She is trailed by two drunk boys cruising in a car. The boys trap the girl, force her into the car, and drive to an alley where they rape her. While she lies stunned, one of the boys aims a pistol at her because she had scratched him in their struggle. The other grabs at the gun; they fight; the first boy kills the second, and runs away.

At home the girl tells her parents what has happened. Her mother goes to call the police, but her father says no: "I'm not worried about the rest of New York." He is mortified by his daughter's rape and does not wish to see her humiliated. Instead he seeks personal revenge. Now enter Kojak at the scene of the crime. From the evidence of struggle, it appears that the boy raped a girl, and that the girl shot him. Other clues indicate, however, that there is a missing third party. The scene shifts to the dead boy's parents with whom Kojak is harsh because to us they are first the parents of a rapist, and only second the parents of their dead child. The scene shifts back to the girl's father studying a pistol in the glove compartment of his car.

Kojak has little trouble tracking down the missing boy, the killer, but the boy has an alibi. We are shown the boy's alcoholic mother who overprotects him, supposedly suggesting the basis for her son's derangement. The boy soon learns that he is being hunted by the girl's father, and that the girl is able to identify him. The girl eventually breaks down and tells her boyfriend of the rape. Her father, after failing to muster the nerve to kill, recants. The police are at last given the whole story. Kojak goes after the killer who goes after the girl. Kojak wins.

The confluence of subject-matter, themes and issues in this story is typical of the series. The girl's family name is Conforti; her boyfriend is Tony. Their Italianness is emphasized, as is the ethnic group identification of all charac-

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ers, major and minor, particularly the Greek Kojak. The crime is rape, the rime in which the victim feels guilt. The iller's insane justification for crime lies n his mother's solitary alcoholism.

There is the conflict of privatism versus public good: the girl keeping the crime to herself, thus growing distant from her boyfriend; and her father becoming a potential outlaw by assuming the rights of revenge. There is the issue of gun control; everyone who needs a gun is able to get his hands on one. There is a good-kid-gone-wrong theme in the dead boy; young love in the girl and boyfriend; dilemma in the question of whether or not Tony can care for his girl as fully after her defilement. There is discovery and chase, and the problem of trust between citizens and police. In Kojak himself there is toughness and baby talk, his attitudes always played counter to those prevailing; there is fashion of dress, efficiency and total power.

All of these elements exist in the story, but do not cohere. Instead they fly at and sail past each other, like missiles deliberately programmed not to touch. The deliberateness of this process is due to assumptions made in our behalf. The questions on "Kojak" remain unsettled because we have not settled them for ourselves, and so they remain suspended in each episode like items on the news.

The structure of "Kojak" takes its inspiration from the news. Mood balances mood, violence is played against gentleness, humor follows pathos, with the same artificial equilibrium of newscasts. What are stories on the news are ideas and events on "Kojak": rape, cops, citizen responsibility, vigilantes, guns, kids, ethnic groups. They are the contemporary problems that greet us as soon as we click on the "Today" show. By Sunday evening Kojak has harnessed the items into a story whose effect depends largely on its dissociated parts.

Dissociation is the method not only of "Kojak," but also of modern television in general. The instrument is both modern in itself, and conveys our conception of modernity as well; dot by dot, problem by problem, it evokes the life of pieces. Self-consciously modern in its subject matter (rape, race, alcoholism), it is equally modern in the manner with which subject matter is dealt. Its writers, therefore, are only burdened with knowing what is current. This established, they can feed any theme at all into "Kojak," "All in the Family," "Mary Tyler Moore" and every other show, under the tacit understanding between ourselves and them that no deep coherence is necessary, desirable or possible.

This assumption has determined the depiction of crime on television especially. Television detectives like Kojak or McGarrett on "Hawaii Five-O" do not "detect" anything, but are instead beleaguered warriors, contending with worlds of mass evil. (One of the first TV detectives was Ralph Bellamy, "Man Against Crime.") McGarrett is always going up against the Mafia or some other vast criminal empire. Kojak, in our example, is clashing with the crime of rape, and only incidentally with an individual rapist. For the most part, rather than person versus person, these shows give us force against force. In the

size and mass of the combatants are vagueness and a certain continuity; one man's death diminishes nothing.

At the end of these stories, nevertheless, it always comes down to the individual. Even the preposterous Chief Ironside must be wheeled into place by his confederates in order to shoot the criminal personally. Somewhere in the maze of each script there emerges the dictum about the infantry; all immensity is merely an extension of the lonely self. Marianne Moore said there never was a war that was not inward. Despite massive organizations of crime and criminals, the evil of the world must inevitably be met by a man alone.

What then does Kojak see in the face f the rapist or in any of the evildoers he eventually demolishes? They are crime, and he is law, so he must prevail. Yet both are also war and force, not vying for the affections or death of particular parties, but for control of the whole wide world. The rapist rapes so that he may conquer Kojak. Kojak traps the rapist so that he may conquer rape. Crime itself is Kojak's Moriarity. The force he faces is equal to his own, and therefore strangely familiar, related by blood.

The world for which these forces vie is the city of New York, not the same New York that was portrayed on "Naked City," by far the best TV police show. That was a New York of some variety, of differences in tempo. On "Kojak" the city consists solely of ethnic groups, each identified baldly by references to foods, dances and foreign idioms, and coming by turns on to the screen as if to comply with a visual affirmative action. The city is characterized by its blue-black vertical lines, bearing the image of a prison or cage. Kojak patroling is also Kojak on the prowl. The city must be licked, the new world restored, for these various groups who, it is implied, have hired Kojak as their Paladin—the "one-of-us" who will crush the "them" who have built the zoo.

Evil on "Kojak" is the new world itself, the world, the city, to which all hoods, gangsters, junkies, rapists and alcoholics belong—they exist in no "old country." Kojak, like Sam Spade or Lew Archer, is a man running counter to the new society. But he does not have the problem of Spade or Archer of belonging solely to the society he deplores. Kojak is the "old country" himself, packed, scrubbed and emigrated to the land of everything-for-everybody, and ready to fight for it.

This new-land innocence is the source of Kojak's faith in the law. Order, once restored, will also restore the vision of paradise of the American immigrant. The justice Kojak represents, therefore, has a double basis, and verges on the poetic. When he corners the rapist, he threatens to castrate him. He is at once old-world justice and new-world law: democracy is insufficient, the new world must also have Greece, Rome, China and Africa in order to deal with evil and establish right.

Other than his old world ties, Kojak is an outsider. He has no personal relationships, no family life; only his mission, like Ahab. Like Ahab, too, Kojak's mission extends beyond his professionalism, which serves merely as its civilizing agent. He is in fact obsessed with the enormity of his enemy, and has shaped his life according to his obsession. Kojak needs his enemy in order to justify, even assert, his existence. His gallantry resides in this—not in his perpetual hand-kissing or "dear ladys," but in the continual destruction of the only thing

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on earth that calls his life to his own attention.

With all confusions flying, Kojak achieves a rare stature because of this knowledge of himself. He is an appealing hero not because he is a rough-diamond Greek who dresses New York "sharp," but because he has a job that defines him, that lets him know where he is in time as well as space. On one side there is the modern world of evil and corruption, amorphous and unparticularized. On the other is Kojak existing because of that world, the extraordinary ancient-modern man making the most of uncertainties, making himself.

He is more coherent than the life he leads. In a single episode in which nothing is resolved, no truth asserted where cops, lovers, rapists and vigilantes clash, always ready to re-arm and clash again, Kojak is the one saving grace. By his ties to history, no matter how superficial, not only does he stand in opposition to evil, but to the very show in which he resides, indeed, to the medium which carries him to us. In this the man of order is the ultimate subversive: the hunter hunting the hunt.

Roger Rosenblatt is director of educational programs, National Endowment for the Humanities, and author of *Black Fiction* (Harvard University Press).

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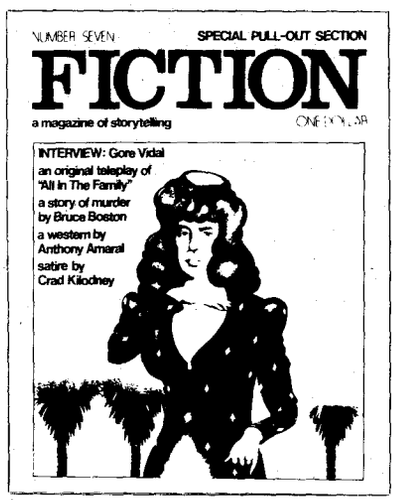
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A University Press

Doris Grumbach

Most readers see no distinction between trade and university presses. Indeed these days, with the attention paid by university presses to books of general interest, it is sometimes a difficult distinction to make. Still, the history of and current developments in, university press-publishing are instructive.

Despite some debate on the subject (Johns Hopkins leading it), it is now generally agreed that the first university press established in the US was at Cornell (1869). Cornell, and the others that followed during the last half of the 19th century, were founded primarily to do the institution's printing, to provide journalism students with a laboratory, and later to publish the products of research at that institution. (Then, and for some time to come, it was required that doctoral theses be published, so the student paid the press for the printing, and the press in turn saw to distribution of their theses.)

Princeton University Press was the first to be established in this century (1905), three years before Yale, eight before Harvard. Charles Scribner, head of the illustrious trade press, "conceived the press, nourished the idea for years, and gave the time and money to make it possible, particularly the building housing it, which he gave to the university in a generous bequest," according to John Tebbel in his important and definitive two-volume **History of Book Publishing in the United States** (Bowker; each $30). Scribner wished to establish a press in the interests of the university, he said, one that would take care of the university's printing at no profit and use profits from outside printing to support scholarship. His intention was to promote "education and scholarship."

The first book from Princeton's press did not emerge until 1912; it was John Witherspoon's *Lectures on Moral Philosophy* (Witherspoon was an 18th-century president of Princeton's predecessor, the College of New Jersey), edited by Varnum Lansing Collins. Tebbel tells us that in its first 25 years the press published nearly 400 books. This spring (and for the last two, for that matter) its list has been consistently distinguished. What is more, the books it designs for the general reader indicate a growing direction for university presses: an effort to support the printing of esoteric and scholarly work by the issuance of books that might ordinarily fall into "commercial" hands.

The Bollingen Series imprint has been one of Princeton's major contributions. It began under the sponsorship of the Bollingen Foundation, and moved to

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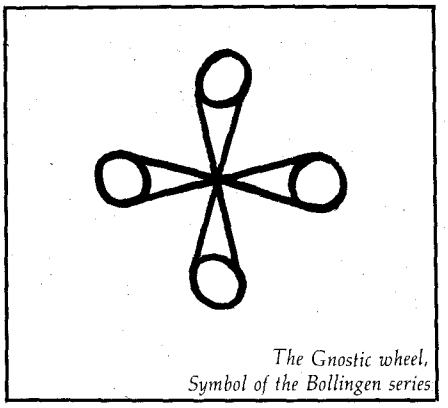
Princeton in 1967. *The Collected Works of Paul Valéry*, the 15th volume of which appears this summer, is an example of the series' aim to issue translations of work heretofore unavailable in English. Number 75 in the series will be the sixth volume to appear in the *Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Jacques Barzun's *The Use and Abuse of Art*, and the recent, widely praised *Freud/Jung Letters* (number 94) have appeared under the Bollingen imprint.

I have pored over three or four of Princeton's recent books. You will perhaps remember my enthusiasm for the two volumes of Thoreau to appear, authoritative editions of *The Maine Woods* and *Walden*, beautifully produced, and illustrated with exceptional photographs by Herbert W. Gleason. These continue to be the place to go for a reading or rereading of these classics. Now I urge you to examine, if **The Divine Comedy** of Dante Alighieri interests you, or if you have always intended to read it when it became available with enough commentary to make it understandable, Princeton's six volumes, translated, and with a commentary, by Charles S. Singleton. These too are in the Bollingen Series. *Paradiso* will be available early in April, but you can start on *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, which have been in print beginning in 1970.

Each cantica is in two relatively small volumes, handsomely, readably printed, the first with the text, its companion the most complete, almost awesomely erudite commentary available anywhere in the English language and, I suspect, in any language. Singleton has, for scholarly reasons, chosen to translate this almost untranslatable masterpiece literally, word-for-word, line-for-line. The result is, naturally, neither poetic nor close to the medieval Italian original in form: the miraculously linked tercets are gone, melted away into unmusical prose. But it is aimed at clarity, even as the commentaries are designed to give the reader every possible assistance in understanding the meaning of the great epic. The Italian text is on the left side of the page; if you can make your way through it somehow, it will compensate somewhat for the essential gracelessness of the translation. Dante wrote (Singleton translates): "But in order that holy love, in which I watch with perpetual vision, and which makes me thirst with sweet longing, may be the better fulfilled, let your voice, confident and bold and glad, sound forth the will, sound forth the desire, whereto my answer is already decreed" (*Paradiso*, canto XV, ll. 63-69). In this flat and awkward rendition the reader will get no sense of the poetry (as, I thought, Dorothy Sayers was able to provide in her translation). But the commentaries will doubtless become indispensible to every student of Dante. For them alone



The Gnostic wheel, Symbol of the Bollingen series

the price of these beautiful books is justified (until May 1, six volumes, $67.50, thereafter $80).

The book that may well turn out to be among the most beautiful printing "jobs" of the year is another in the Bollingen Series—its 100th and thus a milestone book for Princeton—Joseph Campbell's **The Mythic Image** ($37.50 now; $45 after). "Imagery, especially the imagery of dreams, is the basis of mythology," writes Campbell and with this as his thesis he explores the world's civilizations for their mythological representations in art. Where and in what ways oriental and occidental interpretations of dreams and life differ, how literate, and simple, nonliterate, civilizations conceive of dreams and myth: these questions are explored in this mammoth (9"x12") lavishly illustrated (432 plates, some in color) volume. I can not claim to have read it all; it is a long, often difficult reading and assimilative experience, but one which, on first encounter, seems worth the effort.

Princeton's list has more than 50 titles, from *Fiddler Crabs of the World (Ocypodidae: Genus Uca)* to a study of the complete works of *Michelangelo* by Charles de Tolnay. The range of its publishing is wide, the depth of its scholarly studies impressive, its dedication to the continuing publication in some areas very great—it is now on volume 19 of *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson* (1909 - 1910)! Like other notable university presses, it serves both scholars and the general public with well printed, scrupulously edited, sustantially produced, permanent works of criticism, literature, scholarship.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

then why the lachrymose passages at the end to give it retrospective heart?

No, it's not social comedy. It seems to me to use the gimmick of satire the way '30s gangster films used the gimmick of last-minute moralizing as a cover-up for violence. Here the social-comment façade is used to justify fake porno of a particularly revolting kind. The world, anyway the part of it that cares, has heard of Beatty's reputation as stud and of his affair with Christie. This film was apparently devised to exploit that publicity. (Beatty is co-author with Robert Towne.) This film says, "You've read about Beatty and Christie. Now you can see them screwing—almost." In fact you do get a glimpse of them whacking away bare-assed, and at one time she says—explicitly—that she wants to suck him and dives under a restaurant table to do it. Can the fans ask for more? They get it: Beatty coming out of a bathroom adjusting his trousers after laying the teenager; her mother (Grant) then whipping off her panties so that she can straddle him; a customer rubbing his crotch with the top of her head as he dries her hair. More. This picture apparently began as a project to show

Errata

The letter published in Correspondence last week (March 1) signed by Gunnar Myrdal and others should have identified the signers as Nobel laureates.

Jeff Angus' letter in the same issue erroneously identified him as representing Environmental Action of Colorado and omitted the address of that organization (1095 Walnut Street, Denver) to which readers might wish to write for information about solar energy.

In "Ticklish Taiwan," by John K. Fairbank, a line of type was dropped. The sentence in which the error appeared should have read: "The Taiwan-US security treaty is less important than stability in the Chinese area, meaning no use of force between Peking and Taipei, which might be ensured by some other document or arrangement as a successor to *the security treaty. Whether it is an American embassy* or a consulate in Taipei is less important than the continued fact of normal contact for Americans there." The omitted passage here appears in italics.

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Beatty, not as romantic idol but as fantastic fornicator, and everything else was added on sententiously to expedite that idea. (Beatty also produced the film.)

Some day, perhaps, famous screen stars will make real porno. It might be wonderful. If Beatty and Christie had had the guts to do it, if he had—close up and well lighted—taken out the famous phallus for the world to see and had let us watch him slip it into one or another of Christie's orifices, if Grant had been willing to have a real orgasm with him instead of the fake grunting under the credits, it might have shaken our whole topography of reality and fantasy. Something like the alternating plaques of reality in Genet's plays, it might have made us reconsider the whole process by which we feed what we see on screen with our lives and imaginations around the screen. But *Shampoo* is not that serious. It's just an especially naughty tease—facile, cheap and dirty.

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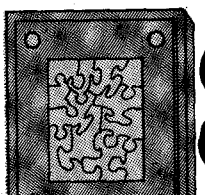

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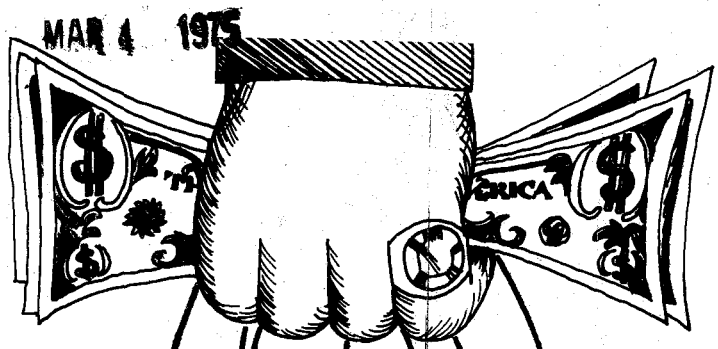

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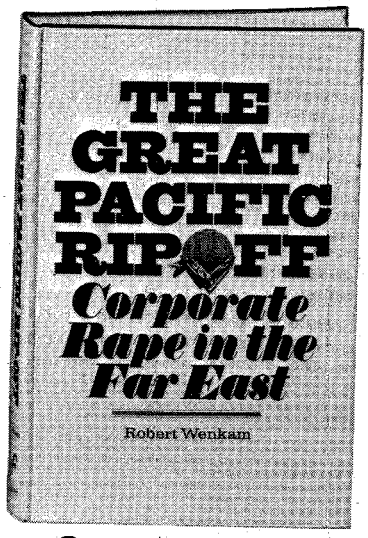

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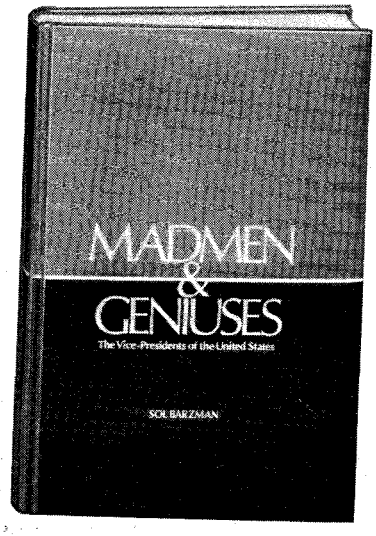

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